

COMMENCE THE NEW YEAR WELL BY READING—

No. 778. Vol. XXIII. Week Ending January 6th, 1923.

# The Magnet 2<sup>d</sup>

Library  
of  
School & Detective Stories.



**THE JAPANESE BOY'S SENSATIONAL STUNT!**

(An amazing scene from our long complete school tale inside.)

Published by Howard Baker Press Ltd, 27a Arterberry Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W. 20.



A FEAST OF FICTION FOR NEXT WEEK, CHAPS! Don't forget about the new series of free, real photos coming soon.



#### A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

How often we hear about the good times that are coming. And now, in this new year of 1922 into which we have rushed, it seems to me we are going to find things better all round. I can tell you, my chums, it is a cheery task which is mine at this moment—namely, the duty of wishing to all my friends up and down the world, in the Old Country, in the backwoods, far away in the golden tropics, real happy and prosperous days in the year which we are starting. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest! Here's to the year that's a'wa', and to the married newcomer of 1922, all that is so said is this—let's give the stranger a fair chance. He is going to do his best to bring good fortune, and good fortune will be there, sure as a teacher, if we all help with a will. To Magazines, and to everybody, I offer the best wishes for the New Year. This is no matter to be chatty about. One wishes it—we all do. That means pretty well everything, as we rattle off down the new days of 1922.

#### THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

Of course, I am referring to next week's certain established establishment known as Greyfriars. The school in question is situated in Kent. You will have heard about the headquarters of so much learning, tact, and grit. Hunter resides there, except in his holidays. But I need say nothing further on this point. As for the coming story, Mr. Frank Richards has done wonders. He out-Richards Richards, so to speak. It is an arresting tale. I don't like this term a bit, as it makes one think of large-sized policemen busy catching malefactors. Still, the word suits the new year. The title is:

#### "THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!"

This secret is a well-kept one. The new boy is the quietest, most original, and also the most deeply mysterious personage who ever blew into Greyfriars. Even Mr. Quech, shrewd as is the kindly-minded historian of Greyfriars, can make neither head nor tail of the mystery which surrounds the stranger. There is much more besides.

#### VERY STRANGE INDEED.

The fellow is brought to the school by a comrade and in the train the two talk. They say a lot of odd things to one another, and, of course, they fancy there is nobody to overhear their remarks. That's their mistake. Hunter is tucked away under the seat of the railway carriage, waiting for breath, but thinking still more for the truth and nothing but it. But even Hunter cannot make much of the overheard conversation. He does his best, but the secret seems as complicated as a jigsaw puzzle, and it remains a secret for quite a good long time.

It is good to see the admirable manner in which the author works the thing out. He tackles the problem of the new boy in his old inimitable manner, keeping the action swift, and not forgetting the humour of the thing.

Naturally, this fresh recruit to the school creates tremendous interest. Curiosity is rife. But the freshman keeps himself to himself in the most approved style, though, in the ordinary run of life, there is nothing more deadly than the man who adopts such a policy. **Hint:** there are times for acting in this way. The new boy at Greyfriars is simply driven to it.

The secret is real enough. Hunter is nibbling at it. Difficulties get piled up. The cousin has his say, naturally, and the problem goes on expanding like a big soap bubble until somebody comes along—but that's telling. Mind you see, last Monday's "Magnet" for a topping story, just one of the brainiest and best ever.

#### THE MAGIC OF FERRERS LOCKE.

It is not, after all, any exaggeration to associate the hard-working detective—the sleuth who put young Jack Drake in the way of fame—with magic. But I don't mean the ziddy sort of hanky-panky of the leger-demain artist who finds pink-eyed rabbits in silk hats, and does funny things with enchanted boxes with double doors to them. Ferrers Locke manipulates the wires quite differently. The coming story about the champion crime investigator is a real winner.

#### "THE CLUE IN THE SKULL!"

A detective goes about the world piecing things together. When criminals get busy they nearly always forget some important point. There is a missing link somewhere—conf, or otherwise—and I think you will admit that in the new year's a long-past crime there is something peculiarly fascinating. You get on the track of a plot in the weirdest style—a chance find down on the mud flats at Leigh-on-Sea, most unpromising, a waste of dreariness, nothing to suggest anything besides a certain tawny of monotony—and then suddenly out of the wilderness there looms a skull. There has been foot play, but the criminal imagined he had hidden everything. He must have felt confident. Time had gone by—and then there comes Ferrers Locke, the best of the course. Locke takes no chances. He is thorough. If there is a clue to a crime the detective is on to it. And there is a clue—just one of those points the majority would never have thought of a mental photo in the skull. From the emergency onwards the chase after the criminal is hot. There is no throwing the hors detective off the scent. I have said a good deal concerning the new story for the simple reason that it is the most enthralling of the series.

#### A PARODY NUMBER.

Mr. Richard Penfold has come into his own. In the Supplement next Monday, otherwise the "Greyfriars Herald," his prime has got going with a vengeance. He is all over the place. Parodies wait writing. They have been written. The whole rhyming staff of the "Herald" has been turned on. The result is gorgeous. It is a startling production. Coker may rhyme stump with hump, but Coker is a merry baby at poetry—chance spasms in the spring-time are all his know of the Muse. A parody always contains a compliment. Just as well to remember the fact. The office mathematician has been grappling with the number of times the "Charge of the Light Brigade" has been parodied, but the man has turned grey under the strain. Anyhow, see the next "Herald."

#### THE GREYFRIARS PARLIAMENT.

Many and mighty are the subjects being manfully tackled by members of this august assembly. Try your hand at the business. Send a speech on something interesting to the Greyfriars Parliament, c/o the Editor of the "Magnet." If you don't succeed one time, you may another. "Quien sabe?" as Casco of the Congo would say—Spanish for "Who knows?"

#### MORE FREE, REAL PHOTOS.

Like the Boat Race, and a crowd of good things, a new series of these splendid, glossy photos is coming. Also a heap of New Year surprises.

#### A "POPULAR" TURN.

"Stand and Deliver," in the title of the new serial soon to appear in the "Popular," it will make your hair stand on end. The writer has brought Dick Turpin on to the scene. The highwayman was an pinchbeck rubber. He faced death himself just as easily as he shot down those who stood in his path. There is grim tragedy, and a good deal of blood-thirstiness in this new serial, and it is true in spirit to the old days when life was held cheap, and those who took to the road knew well enough that the scaffold awaited them if caught.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Clem Sumner, Darcy Street, Stawell West, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in England and Scotland, ages 11-14.

Alan Wallis, 45, Grove Road, Hawthorn, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers and ages 14-17.

Roy Oates, 29, Coppin Street, Richmond, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; all letters answered.

Miss Jessie Alan, 71, Garden Street, Geelong, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers and ages 14-17.

W. Scott, c/o Mr. Winter Irving, Irrewarra, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers who collect stamps, for purposes of exchange; all letters answered.

F. Howeson, Bridgehouse per Balgaitie, West Lothian, Scotland, wishes to correspond with readers in Inverness and Jersey. Channel Islands, ages 18-21; subjects—travel, topography, literature, etc.

E. Favier, 148, Flinders Street, Thornbury, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers in Ireland with view of exchanging stamps.

Miss Elsie M. Cecil, 37, Church Road, Aston, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with readers overseas; exchange snags and postcard letters; ages, twenty upwards; all letters answered.

F. E. Hope, 2, Cage Lane, Cleatham, wants readers for his World-Wide Amateurs' Club.

Miss Phyllis Powell, Derwent Road, Briggville, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with Australian readers in England.

James Polgornoff, Venetia Cottage, Inkerman Street, Stanley Street, Wollomburra, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers.

Sydney Massie, 39, Kilsdale Road, Paisley, Scotland, wishes to hear from readers interested in his new amateur magazine, the "Echo Monthly." Poems, stories, and high-class articles, etc.

Marcus Soltan, 16, Abercrombie Street, City, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to hear from readers anywhere.

J. R. Robertson, c/o 142, Cargill Street, Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-16, interested in stamp collecting.

A. Freeman, c/o Nairn Limited, Queen Street, Palmerston North, New Zealand, wishes to hear from readers. He also requests F. Paul of Liverpool to write to him.

George Harris, 45, Pollock Road, Prestwich, Manchester, wishes to correspond with readers overseas; stamp collectors especially.

Miss Olive Hartnell, Yeovil, Port Talbot, Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

William J. McDowell, 63, Kirkland Street, Glasgow, N.W., wishes to correspond with readers overseas interested in amateur magazines.

Misses K. and D. Atkins, 60, Knox Road, Wolverhampton, wish to correspond with readers abroad; ages 17 upwards.

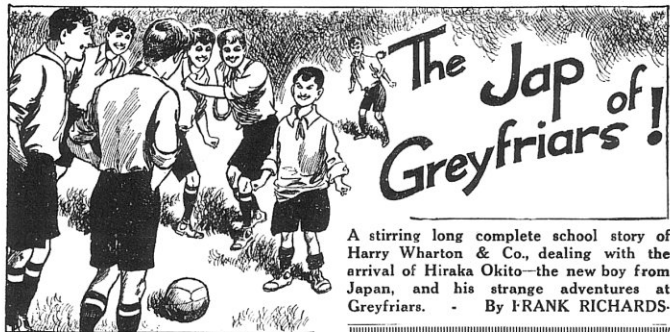
#### FOOTBALL.

Tiber United, ages 17-18, require home and away fixtures, all dates. Apply, A. Grudge, 29, Tiber Street, York Road, London, N.1.

# Your Editor.

Your Editor is your best friend! He always likes to hear from his pals!

AN AMAZING NEW BOY! From the far-off flowery land of Japan comes a new boy to Greyfriars—not an ordinary boy, but the strangest little chap Greyfriars has ever seen!



A stirring long complete school story of Harry Wharton & Co., dealing with the arrival of Hiraka Okito—the new boy from Japan, and his strange adventures at Greyfriars. - By FRANK RICHARDS.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Skinner & Co.'s Mission!

"IT'S a bit thick!"

The Famous Five of the Remove Form at Greyfriars were admiring the ancient gateway of the school with their presence one afternoon when Harry Wharton made that remark. He happened to be running his hand thoughtfully through his curly hair at the time. Bob Cherry glanced up and grinned.

"Your hair or your head, old son?" he inquired.

"Eh?"

"If you mean your hair, I agree that a visit to the school barber wouldn't be a bad idea," said Bob Cherry, in a solemn voice. "But on the other hand, if it's your napper you're referring to—well, it goes without saying. We've all known it for terms past!"

"Known what, you ass?" demanded Wharton.

"That your head's a bit thick!"

"The thickfulness of the esteemed Wharton's topful nut is terrific!" murmured Harree Jamsat Ram Singh.

Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull grinned. Harry Wharton went red.

"You frabjous chump! I wasn't referring to my head—"

"Go hon!" grinned Bob. "Then it was your hair!"

"No, it wasn't, you shrieking idiot! I said it was a bit thick—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton glared at his chortling chums. The humorous Bob was fond of innocently pulling people's legs, but in this case Wharton couldn't see the joke. The rest of the Famous Five did. They chuckled.

"Oh, ring off!" said Wharton gruffly.

"I meant, that it's a bit thick the Head wanting us to chaperone and generally look after the new kid that's coming this afternoon."

"The new kid?" said Frank Nugent, staring. "But he's for the Second, isn't he?"

"Yes; but the Head's put him under our protection just the same," replied the Remove captain. "The beastly kid will want a jolly lot of looking after, too. You see, he's a Jap—"

"Great pip! A Japanese kid coming here?"

"His name's Hiraka Okito, and he's only a youngster. Being fresh to England he'll be like a fish out of water at first, I suppose, and he's bound to have a high old time with those little rascals in the Second." Harry Wharton frowned slightly. "So the Head asked me to give a fatherly eye to Okito when he comes, and to get you chaps to do the same."

"My hat! Then it is a bit thick!" said Johnny Bull.

"I suppose he's the son of one of those Japanese jobnies rolling in filthy lucre—what?" said Bob Cherry.

"Yes; his father's supposed to be awfully well off," replied Wharton. "The Head told me that old man Okito is a big merchant at Yokohama, but that the kid while in England is the ward of his uncle—one of the nob's at the Japanese Embassy in London. Okito himself will have heaps of cash, and that's one of the reasons why he'll want looking after."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry as he spotted Skinner, Snoop, and Billy Bunter coming across the quadrangle towards the gates. "Do I dream, do I doubt; are things as they seem, or is visions about? Look at this merry little party, kids!"

Harold Skinner, Sidney James Snoop, and William George Bunter of the Remove were dressed in their Sunday best. They had clean collars on, their trousers were carefully creased, and their topers vied with their boots in brilliance. Well might Bob Cherry inquire if visions were about. Such spick and span-ness was most unusual in those three youths—especially in Billy Bunter, who was the most untidy and slovenly fellow at Greyfriars.

The Famous Five gave Skinner & Co. peculiar looks as they strolled elegantly up.

"What's on?" demanded Bob Cherry. Skinner & Co. stopped.

"Did you speak, Cherry?" asked the cad of the Remove.

"Wherefore all this thudfulness?" demanded Bob, knocking Billy Bunter's topper over his eyes with a sweep of the hand.

"Yarooop!" roared Bunter. "Leave me alone, Cherry, you beast! You've ruffled my hair, and—nearly knocked off my eyeglasses. If you had broken them, you would have had to pay for them, and—"

"Oh, dry up, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "What's the game, Skinner? You three look as though you're going to a wedding."

"We're going to meet the new boy, Okito!" grinned Skinner, edging away from Bob Cherry in case his own topper got damaged. "You've heard about him, I suppose? The new Jap kid for the Second."

Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"Yes, we've heard about him," he said quietly. "But what's the idea, Skinner? You don't usually put yourself out to meet new boys at the station—especially Second Form fags."

"Don't I?" said Skinner evenly. "Well, in this case it's different, Wharton. The new kid's a Jap, and he's a stranger to England. He'll want taking care of, with so little knowledge of English ways, and such a lot of money, and—"

"Ho, he, he!" grinned Snoop and Bunter.

The Famous Five exchanged significant glances. They began to tumble, now, to Skinner & Co.'s designs.

Skinner, Snoop, and Bunter were youths who would do anything for money. They would even stoop to dress in their best bits and tuckers to make themselves pleasant to a new fag—if there was money in it. The wiles of Harold Skinner knew no bounds.

"So you're taking up the new kid as a sort of protegee—what?" said Wharton. "You're taking him under your wing, as it were!"

"That's the idea!" said Skinner airily. "Must give a good impression to a stranger in the land, and all that, you know! We're going to look after Okito like a brother."

"What'ho!" said Billy Bunter, with a fag snirk. "The Jap kid will find a pal in me, for one. I'm an honourable chap, I am. I mean to see that Okito doesn't get swindled out of his money by some of the harpies there at this school."

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Mind. I mention no names, but if the cap fits, you can wear it, Wharton!"

"Why, you—you—you fat load!" shouted Wharton angrily, taking a stride forward towards the Owl of the Remove. "I'll knock your fat head from your shoulders! I'll pulverise you if you dare suggest—"

"Here, hold on, Wharton, old chap! I didn't mean you!" yelled Bunter hastily, dodging behind Skinner for protection. "What I meant to say was that I'd protect Okito from cadging rotters like Cherry—"

"What?" roared Bob Cherry, in a voice of rage.

"Yow-ow! Did I say you, Cherry? It was a slip of the tongue, really! I—"

"Oh, come off it, Bunter!" growled Skinner, whirling the fat Removee away by the scruff of his neck. "You'll queer the whole business in a minute, you fat idiot! Kim on!"

Skinner and Snoop dragged Billy Bunter aside. Bob Cherry made an angry stride after them, his cuffs pushed back in a urbane manner, but Harry Wharton drew him back.

"Let the cads go ahead, Bob," said the Remove captain, with a grin. "They are setting off on a wild-goose chase. The Head said that we needn't bother to meet Okito at the station, as his uncle would send a car there to bring him to Greyfriars. Skinner & Co. don't know that."

"Oh!"

The Famous Five chuckled. Then, at Inky's suggestion, they hid themselves into the tuckshop to regale themselves with jam-tarts and cordial until Okito of the Second arrived.

Meanwhile, Skinner & Co. made their way to Friarale Station, feeling quite chirpy and gay. Bunter, at Dr. Locke's keyhole, had heard the Head tell Wingo that Okito would be a gullible, innocent little youth, easily wheeled into the clutches of unscrupulous persons, and would, therefore, want a good deal of looking after. Harold Skinner & Co. were perfectly willing to look after Okito, so long as he had a well-filled pocket for them to look after as well.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Bitters Bit!

"HERE we are!" said Skinner cheerfully, as they strolled down the platform of Friarale Station. "The train's just about due, too!"

The young harpies did not have long to wait. The train drew into the station, and the passengers began to descend. The Remove juniors looked up and down eagerly.

"My hat!" exclaimed Skinner suddenly. "Here's Okito!"

A tiny, diminutive form clambered out of a first-class compartment and looked round the platform wonderingly. The newcomer seemed to be considerably awed and bewildered by his surroundings. Skinner & Co. hurried over to where he was standing.

"Hallo, kid!" said Skinner cheerily. "Are you Hiraka Okito?"

The tiny, frail Oriental boy nodded, and smiled with pleasure at being recognised. The smile stretched right across his little round face—quite a good-looking face it was, too. His almond eyes twinkled through their narrow slits. Okito was so short that he only reached as far as Skinner's shoulder, and was as slender as a reed. He was dressed immaculately in a gracefully fitting suit of

Etons. Only the linen collar he wore seemed much too large and deep for him. He raised his glistening top-hat in a small yellow hand and bowed, displaying to view a short-cut crop of jet-black wavy hair.

"Glad to meet you, Okito!" said Skinner, engulfing the Jap boy's hand in his own. "We're from Greyfriars—your new school, you know. We've come to take you under our wing, and all that. Feel pretty out of place in England—what?"

"Yes, me feel pretty strange," said Okito in a soft, cooing voice, like a dove's. "Who are you, thou benevolent youth with the eyes of a fox?"

Skinner jumped.

"My hat! Do you mean me, Okito?" he gasped.

The little Jap boy nodded.

"Ahem! My name is Skinner!" said the end of the Remove.

"Very good!" murmured Okito, turning to Snoop. "And he with the nose of a hawk—what is his name?"

"Oh crumbs!" said Snoop faintly.

"That's Snoop!" grinned Skinner.

## Read This—It's Important!

No boy should miss—

## "BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE!"

The greatest School Story ever written by P. G. WODEHOUSE, appearing in our magnificent Companion Paper, the

## BOYS' FRIEND

On Sale To-day.

"I shall remember. But who is the fat, unwieldy youth with the form of a hog?" inquired the Jap boy innocently.

"Look here," said Billy Bunter, glowering through his spectacles, "if you're trying to be cheeky, Okito, I'll mop up the platform with you!"

The Owl of the Remove adopted a warlike attitude and fairly towered over the little newcomer. Okito cringed away.

"Shut up, Bunter!" rapped Skinner sternly. "Don't take any notice of Bunter, kid. He's not as dangerous as he looks."

The boy from the Land of the Rising Sun smiled again and rubbed his tiny hands. Skinner & Co. looked hard at him, wondering whether he had been trying to "rot" them with his queer descriptions. But there seemed no guile in Okito. He had appeared to speak quite innocently and in perfect good faith.

"I am very pleased to meet you," he said softly and meekly. "I am unworthy of your kindness. Okito think it a great honour."

"Not at all, kid!" said Skinner condescendingly. "This way out!"

They piloted Okito out of the station and saw that his luggage was put right

for Greyfriars. Skinner & Co. looked curiously at a fairly large red box that the porter trundled out with the rest of the luggage. It was a heavily lacquered box with a weird design of a dragon and a flaming mountain on it.

"What's in it, Okito—luck?" demanded Billy Bunter, blinking at the box through his spectacles.

"No!" gasped Okito, stepping quickly over to the red box as if to protect it. "I have private things in there. None but Okito must touch this box."

"All serene, kid!" said Skinner. "We won't touch it. Don't be so beastly nosy, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Skinner—"

"Feeling hungry, Okito?" asked the cad of the Remove in a concerned voice. "You must be, after your journey."

"Yes, me very hungry," said the little Second Former, very pleased. "Me like English grub. Chinese chop-chop place in London no good!"

"Right ho! We'll take you to a first-rate tuckshop!" said Skinner eagerly. "You can get all sorts of English grub there. Kim on, Okito!"

He and Billy Bunter linked arms affectionately with the tiny Oriental and led him across the old High Street towards Uncle Clegg's tuckshop. Sidney James Snoop brought up the rear, chucking Okito's little almond visage was wreathed in smiles of great delight.

"I suppose your father is a big pot over in Japan?" said Skinner casually.

"My father, very big pot merchant in Yokohama," replied the new boy.

"Allows you plenty of cash, I suppose?" remarked Snoop.

"Oh, yes!" smiled Okito. "Me get plenty of money. Look!"

He took out a bulky pocket-book and opened it. Skinner & Co. gasped when they saw that it contained a large roll of crisp, rustling banknotes.

"Mum-my hat!" ejaculated Skinner faintly.

"Banknotes, by gum!" murmured Billy Bunter, his little round eyes gleaming covetously at the pocket-book. "Rolling in cash, by gad! I say, Okito, you rely on me as a pal. I'll stand by you as if you were my own brother. I'm a real pal, I am. Of course, I wouldn't think of cadging like some chaps. My motives are strictly honourable, and—"

"Ring off, Bunter!" said Skinner sharply. "Here we are at Uncle Clegg's!"

They took the little Jap junior inside, and sat with him at a table. Harold Skinner ordered Uncle Clegg to bring the best he'd got. Skinner & Co. were all cordiality to Okito. They fairly fawned on him. Okito smiled all over his face and purred with delight. The impressionable little lad from the Orient was like wax in the unscrupulous hands of Skinner & Co. Those wily youths nudged each other in high glee at the thoughts of plucking Okito.

"Tuck in!" said Skinner, when the best in Uncle Clegg's shop had been placed on the table. "You'll enjoy these, Okito."

Okito tucked in—and so did Skinner & Co. Billy Bunter's jaws worked like clockwork as he polished off one item after another in rapid succession. Okito watched him with eyes opened wide in wonderment and amazement.

"Where does he find room for it all?" he murmured. "Truly he must have the digestive system of a whale!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner & Co. were enjoying themselves. They gave their orders liberally

A real corker of a yarn—all about the Chums of Greyfriars—next week!



—intending that Okito should pay, of course. They chose the most expensive articles, and they chose them in large quantities.

The feed was going strong, when sounds of a car drawing up outside came to their ears, and next minute the door was flung open, to admit a large, muscular-looking Japanese. He was wrapped heavily in a motoring suit. His face had none of the native pleasantness that was a feature of Okito's, but was dark, scowling, and brutish.

His glinting eyes darted round the room, and finally rested on the tin Jap with Skinner & Co. Okito covered back in his chair like a frightened mouse.

The Japanese in the doorway spoke rapidly to Okito in his native tongue, and the boy jumped up and scurried over to the door.

Skinner gave a shout.  
"Here, Okito, where are you going?"  
"With my uncle," muttered Okito, crouching low in the doorway and looking first at the towering man beside him and then at the startled Removites. "I forgot that he was to meet me at the station. Me very sorry. Good-bye!"

Next minute he was gone, with his elder countryman. Skinner & Co. sat at the table, too dazed to do anything at first.

The roar of a motor-car engine outside awoke them. Skinner dashed to the door, tore it open, and looked out. Bet too late! A large, handsome limousine was drawing away along the High Street with Okito inside.

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Skinner, in dismay, as he went back into the tuckshop with Snoop and Bunter. "The rotten little beggar's gone! We—we've been done!"

"Who—who's going to pay for this feed?" stuttered Snoop, going pale.

Skinner ground his teeth.  
"Is there anything else I can get you, young gentlemen?" asked Uncle Clegg obsequiously, coming out from behind the counter.

"No, there's nothing else," said Skinner in a savage voice. "Bunter, leave those tarts alone, you fat cormorant!"

"Oh, really, Skinner—"  
"The bill comes to three pounds one-and-fourpence, Master Skinner," said Uncle Clegg gently.

"Oh, jinnny!"

Skinner & Co. turned a sickly hue. They had called the tune rather high, but had never bargained for being called upon to pay the piper. They turned their pockets out. Skinner had two pound-notes; they fell out quite by accident. He did not intend that Uncle Clegg should see them. But the tuckshop-keeper did see them, and his horny palm took them up before Skinner could get them back again. The earl of the Remove ground his teeth with rage. Uncle Clegg took his loose change, too, amounting to seven-and-fourpence.

"How much have you got, Snoop?" snarled Skinner.

"One - and - ninepence," muttered Snoop.

"Oh, help! And you, Bunter?"  
"I'm broke!" said William George Bunter. "I— Yaroooh! Here, wharrer you at, Skinner?"

Skinner had laid violent hands upon Bunter, and was turning his pockets out. Bunter, although usually on the rocks, was sometimes flush—when his father had been profiting by "bulls" and "bears" on the Stock Exchange. But all the money that came to light from Bunter's pockets comprised two pennies

and a French halfpenny with a hole in it.

"That's two pounds nine and three-pence altogether, Master Skinner," said Uncle Clegg coldly. "There is still twelve-and-a-penny to pay."

"I can't pay!" howled Skinner.

"Then I will send the bill in to your headmaster if you do not pay by Saturday!" said the tuckshop-keeper. "You know that I run my business on a strictly cash basis, Master Skinner."

"Bunter ought to pay!" snarled Skinner. "He ate more than the rest of us put together!"

"Oh, really, Skinner, I like that!" protested Billy Bunter peevishly. "You asked me to come. It was your idea. I— Yaroooh! Yahi! Ow! Wow-wow-wow! Leggo! Woooooop!"

Skinner did not let go of Bunter. He called upon Snoop savagely to lend a hand with Bunter. Skinner had to give vent to his feelings somehow, and he vented them on Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove went whirling out of the tuckshop in the violent grasp of Skinner and Snoop. They kicked him along, and rolled him in the gutter, and used him as a football. Bunter roared.

"Yaroooh! Oooop! Help! Murder! Police! Wow-wow-wow! Yoogh!"

Kick, kick, kick!

Billy Bunter did not get free until Bulstrode, Tom Brown, and Trevor, who happened to be passing, came up to his rescue. Skinner and Snoop left Bunter lying in a battered state in the gutter, moaning in a heart-rending manner, and walked away, scowling savagely at each other and muttering.

Harold Skinner prided himself on his

little jokes, but he quite failed to see the funny side of them when they rebuffed on himself.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Rough on Loder!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Here comes the giddy Jap kid!"

The Famous Five hurried out of the tuckshop as a magnificent limousine drew in at the gates of Greyfriars.

A large number of fellows went over to where the car stopped, and gathered round curiously. They raised their caps at the burly Japanese who stepped from the car and opened the door for the tiny figure that next minute emerged.

"My hat!" breathed Harry Wharton, looking at the small, frightened-looking Jap. "So that's Okito."

"There's not much of him," said Frank Nugent. "Sort of a waistcoat-pocket kid!"

"He looks scared to death, too!" said Johnny Bull.

"The scariness of the esteemed and microscopic Jap boy is truly terrific!" said Hurree Singh in his weird and wonderful English.

Okito seemed to be in perfect dread of his uncle. Gosling showed them the way to Dr. Locke's room, and the little Japanese junior and his uncle were followed by the curious stares of a score of Greyfriars fellows.

"Well, chaps, I reckon the poor little beggar will want some looking after!" said Harry Wharton. "He looks as though a puff of wind will blow him



"Me pay for tea for you!" said Okito. Dicky Nugent almost fell down when he saw the little Japanese pull out a large wad of notes. Okito gave Nugent five pounds. The leader of the fags took the wealth like one in a dream. "Take the money and buy tuck!" murmured the Jap boy. (See Chapter 4.)

Harry Wharton & Co., the famous schoolboys, well to the fore again next week!

over. But we'll give him a good reception. Tea—in the study—what?"

"Oh, yes, rather!"

Skinner and Snoop came in soon afterwards, and Harry Wharton & Co. greeted them in the quadrangle with wide grins.

"Did you meet Okito, Skinner?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Br-r-r-r!" growled Skinner, bad temperedly.

"Your little stunt didn't turn out quite according to plan—what?"

"Mind your own business!" snarled Skinner.

"Where's Bunter?" asked Bob persistently.

"Hang Bunter! Hang Okito! Hang you! Hang everything!" snapped Skinner, and he strode away with Snoop.

The Famous Five chuckled.

A few minutes later Bulstrode, Trevor and Tom Brown came in at the gates, bringing with them a fat, buttered-looking personage. Harry Wharton & Co. gave started gasps.

"My giddy aunt! It's Bunter!" ejaculated Nugent. "He looks a wreck, and no error! What's happened, Bunter—been trying conclusions with a steam-roller?"

"Yow-ow-ow!" moaned Billy Bunter pathetically. "I've been assaulted—murderously assaulted. My back's broken in three places, so are my ribs; my spinal column is dislocated, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wharton. "How did it happen, Bunter?"

"Groooh!" These swindling beasts, Skinner and Snoop!" moaned Bunter.

"They tried to fleece Okito, but I stood up for the kid. Yow-ow! I took his part against those toadies! Owl Skinner and Snoop set about me and now I'm maimed for life. Wow-wow! Yoww!"

The Famous Five grinned. They roared with laughter when Bulstrode told them the truth of the matter, for Billy Bunter had told them of it affair in Uncle Clegg's shop just after they had rescued him from the violent attentions of Skinner and Snoop.

"Ha, ha, ha! Poor old Skinner!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "That's where Skinner got skinned with a vengeance. Serves him right. And it serves you right, too, Bunter. For goodness sake dry up that snivelling!"

"I'm dying!" moaned the injured Owl.

"Well, go somewhere else and die!" said Bob unfeelingly. "Choose a suitable spot, like the school dustbin at the vaults. Better die in the dustbin, Bunter—the dustmen will carry away your corpse and save the trouble and expense of a funeral!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

"Beasts!" snapped Billy Bunter.

And he limped painfully away, bewailing his lot.

Skinner and Snoop were already indoors. Bunter gave them a wide berth. Not that he need have feared meeting with them, for Skinner and Snoop were in Loder's study in the Sixth Form passage when Bunter crawled upstairs.

They had each been given an impot by the bully of the Sixth, to be delivered to him by tea-time. It was tea-time now.

"Loder's not here!" growled Skinner, as he looked in at the prefect's room.

"Oh, of course, he's at the prefect's meeting in the lecture-room. He'll be there for some time yet. I see young Tubbs has laid his tea!"

The table in Loder's room was spread with a very appetizing array of good things for tea. Loder was evidently going

to entertain his cronies, Carne or Walker, for three places were laid at the table. The kettle was singing merrily on the hob, and fragrant toast was warming at the fire.

Skinner's crafty eyes gleamed with a sudden idea.

"My hat! I've got a wheeze, Snoopy!" he exclaimed. "I'll get my own back on that whipper-snapper of a Jap kid. He's still with the Head, but it won't be long before he comes out. When he does come out, we'll nab him and bring him here—for tea. We'll leave him here to it, and when Loder comes in—"

"He, he, he!" giggled Snoop. "Okito will catch it!"

"Rather!" said Skinner, with a grin.

"Okito may give us away, but we'll deny it. Loder will believe us, because these Japs are fearful little liars, you know. All Orientals are. Look at Wun Lung and Hop Hii, for instance. They're Chinese, but Japs are as bad. They're all tarred with the same brush!"

"Good egg!" sniggered Snoop. "We'll do it!"

Skinner and his crony walked away feeling more cheerful at the prospect of getting their own back on Okito.

They hung about the Head's study until Okito's uncle came out. The Japanese left Greyfriars. Then, after another ten minutes had elapsed, Okito himself emerged from the Head's room. Skinner and Snoop fastened on to him at the end of the passage.

"Hallo, here we are again, Okito!"

"What's up, you two?" asked Okito.

"Nothing," said Skinner, with a grin.

"Well, you two look a bit queer."

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to Loder's room and managed, by great good fortune, to avoid being noticed by anybody.

"There you are, Okito!" said the cad of the Remove when they got to Loder's study. "There's a fine spread for you! We've got it all ready, you see."

Okito's eyes glistened with pleasure.

"This is very kind of you!" he murmured. "Me mighty grateful. Me like Greyfriars if all boys are so kind as you!"

"Don't mention it, kid!" said Skinner airily. "Squat down and wire in. I'll make the tea!"

Skinner made the tea, and Snoop piled up Okito's plate with things from Loder's table. Okito, who had hardly eaten anything at Uncle Clegg's, wired in with evident enjoyment.

Skinner and Snoop winked slyly at each other.

"I say, excuse us for a little while, Okito!" said the cad of the Remove suddenly. "We—we've got an appointment with a master. We sha'n't be long. Don't stop for us, you know. We rely on you to make yourself at home and have just whatever you want while we're away!"

"Very good!" said Okito, beaming with delight. "Me understand. Me wait here and have tea!"

Skinner and Snoop departed, chuckling gleefully at their little joke.

Loder would be along very soon, now. Then there would be ructions when he discovered the little Second-Former calmly partaking of his tea!

Okito, in blissful ignorance of the plot Skinner had planned for him, wired into Loder's things with a will. He was hungry, the English food was most appetizing to him, and he ate quite a prodigious amount for such a small boy.

He was thinking about finishing when heavy footsteps sounded outside. Next minute the door opened and Gerald Loder strode in.

Loder fell back when he beheld the diminutive Jap boy seated at his table. Then, when his eyes fell on the tea-table, and his sadly depleted stock of good things, and the plates and cup before the little stranger, the prefect went pink and gave a gasp.

"Wh—what the—who the——"

"Good afternoon," said Okito, with a wide smile.

"Who are you?" shouted Loder.

"What in thunder are you doing here?"

"Me Okito, the new boy. Me have tea—"

"Have tea!" spluttered Loder. "My tea! You've been wolfing my grub! You thiefing little heathen! Why, I—I'll wring your thundering neck! I'll give you the licking of your life for this! Lemme lay hold of you——"

Crash!

Loder made a dive at Okito, but went so blindly that he tripped up on the carpet. He landed on the floor with a resounding bump and a yell. Okito, looking terrified, jumped up from the table and scudded round the room towards the door. But Loder reached his arm out and caught the tiny Celestial by the arm and dragged him back. Okito gave a squeal, fell over on top of Loder, and next minute senior and fag were wrestling together on the floor.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! The shindy's commenced!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, bursting into the room with the rest of the Famous Five. "Loder's here!"

Harry Wharton & Co., happening to overhear Skinner confiding his little joke

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In This Week's Issue

of the

**POPULAR**

Out To-morrow!

said Skinner affably. "You've settled with the Head?"

The little Jap junior nodded and smiled expansively.

"Yes, me settle with magnificent and learned potentate in there," he said softly. "Me for Second Form. Which way do I go?"

"This way, kid!" said Skinner, leading him away by his frail arm. "You must come and have tea with us in our room. Pity our little tea in Friarade was nipped in the bud, wasn't it? But, never mind—we've a fine spread waiting for you!"

"Skinner is very kind to poor Jap boy," murmured Okito.

The two young rascals took Okito along

The table in Loder's room was spread with a very appetizing array of good things for tea. Loder was evidently going

**What is the new boy's strange secret? See next week's tale of Greyfriars!**

to Hazeldene, had rushed along to the Jap's rescue.

Gerald Loder was struggling furiously with Okito. His intention was to give the little Second-Former a licking. The Removites crowded round grimly.

"He'll half murder Okito!" gasped Frank Nugent.

"He'll break the kid to pieces!" said Johnny Bull. "Come on, chaps—Oh! Mum—my hat!"

Johnny Bull's jaw dropped, and he fell back in amazement. So did the others. For a most surprising thing had happened. Okito, with a wriggle like an eel, got round Loder somehow and sent him spinning across the room. Loder rolled at the feet of Harry Wharton & Co.

"Great pip!" gurgled Bob Cherry, in wonder.

Okito jumped to his feet and faced Loder as that worthy dazedly picked himself up.

"Who did that?" roared the prefect, glaring round. "Who chucked me away from that inn?"

"The esteemed and impish Okito performed the chuckfulness himself, Loder," murmured Harree Singh.

Loder seemed taken aback for a moment. Then, with a bellow like a bull, he made another blind rush at Okito. The little Jap boy faced him unflinchingly this time, his almond eyes glinting through their slits, and as Loder charged, his slim arms came out and grasped the burly prefect.

Harry Wharton & Co. were too amazed and thunderstruck to know quite what happened just then; but a moment later they saw Loder lifted on high in the little Jap's grasp and hurled like a sack of potatoes into the fender.

"Oh, my aunt!" gasped Bob Cherry, passing a hand dazedly across his brow. "I shall wake up presently! It must be a dream, unless I'm seeing things!"

Harry Wharton & Co. stood rooted to the floor. They had expected to see the new boy swept off his feet by Loder's rush and treated to some of the bullying for which Loder was famous. But, instead of that, Okito had picked Loder up as if he were a baby and thrown him about with consummate ease! They began to wonder, like Bob, whether they were in the midst of a strange dream.

Okito did not move from his position by the window. There was a grim little smile on his face as he watched Loder rise painfully from the fender.

Loder made another rush, and was met, as before, with open arms by the little Jap. And next minute, Loder went spinning away in another direction, and landed up against the book case with a crash.

"The kid's a wizard!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "Why, none of us could do that to Loder. It's black magic!"

Harree Singh gave a soft chuckle. "There is no blackfag magic, my worthy chums!" he said. "But the jujitsu is truly terrific!"

Bob Cherry gave a jump. "Ju-jitsu!" he gasped. "Why, of course! Okito's been giving Loder some ju-jitsu! The Japanese are famous for ju-jitsu! Oh, my hat! What a joke! Go it, Loder! You ought to be able to eat him!"

Loder went again at Okito, gritting his teeth with rage. The towering prefect and the tiny fag closed once more.



Loder went again at Okito. The towering prefect and the tiny fag closed once again. There was a short, sharp struggle, Okito curled round and down and Loder went clean over his head and landed in the middle of the tea-table with a crash. "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Harry Wharton & Co. (See Chapter 3.)

There was a short, sharp struggle; Okito curled round and down, and Loder went clean over his head. He whirled in the air for a brief space, and then landed in the middle of the tea-table with a crash of crockery and a fiendish yell.

"Yaroooooh! Yah! Ooooooh!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co.

A crowd of Removites and fags were at the door, looking on in breathless wonderment. A chorus of startled gasps arose.

"Okito's thrown Loder over his head!" yelled Bulstrode.

"He's chucking Loder about like a football, legad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

Bob Cherry chuckled joyfully. Loder sat up on the table in the midst of his ruined crockery. His nose had gone into the jam-dish, he had butter and condensed milk in his hair and all over his clothes, his legs were scorched with the hot tea that had come out of the broken teapot, and pieces of crockery were sticking to him like straggled prongs of cactus. Altogether, Gerald Loder looked a sight for gods, and men, and little fishes.

The onlookers yelled with laughter at the strange, ludicrous sight he presented. Okito turned round to Loder and looked severely at him. "Insignificant son of a turtle!" he hissed. "Me no stand your knocking about. Me knock you about instead—see!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Harry Wharton & Co.

Loder struggled off the tea-table and looked round balefully. But Okito was gone. The diminutive little Jap boy had scurried away through the crowd like an eel.

Loder, in a royal rage, cleared his study of the yelling juniors. He had never bargained for anything like he had just received. It was a new experience for Gerald Loder to be thrown about by a tiny fag of the Second.

And while Loder ground his teeth and raged in his own room, the whole of the lower school at Greyfriars chortled over the little Jap boy's marvellous display of his powers in the skilful art of jujitsu.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. More Surprises!

"COME along, kid!" Dicky Nugent spake thus to Okito as he and a whole horde of Second-Formers bore down on the little Jap boy in the lower corridor at Greyfriars.

Okito had been keeping out of the way since his affray with Loder, and had managed to hide himself for nearly half an hour. Dicky Nugent & Co. had gone in search of him, and now found him wandering aimlessly.

Okito looked frightened. "You take me to cruel master for stick!" he said, backing away. "Me no mean to be wicked. Me very sorry for throwing big fellow—"

Another 20,000-word long complete tale of the Greyfriars Chums next week!

"Don't you be sorry for throwing Loder about, kid!" grinned Dicky Nugent cheerfully. "Why, it was the primest thing we've ever seen! I'd give a whole term's pocket money to be able to do that to Loder myself. Okito, you're a giddy hero. We want to entertain you in honour of your taking Loder down a peg or two. You haven't had tea yet, have you?"

"No had two teas, but both interrupted!" smiled the little Jap junior.

"Oh, never mind. We've got a fine tea ready in the Form-room," said the leader of the fags. "Hot muffins and kippers! You'll like those kippers,

## COMING SHORTLY—

Okito. We bought them fresh in the village this afternoon. They cost twenty a pair, but they're prime. Kim on!"

Okito was marched away in triumph by the delighted fags. Loder was a tyrant of the first water to the Second Form, and Dicky Nugent & Co. hailed Okito as a deliverer of their tribe.

The Second Form room was crowded with fags. There was a pungent smell of burning in the air, mingled with the aroma peculiar to kippers of a rather "high" variety.

A fire was blazing in the grate, and round it Sammy Bunter, Gatty, and Myers, looking very red and perspiring, were gathered in the role of amateur cooks. Sammy Bunter was frying a kipper that was impaled upon a toasting-fork; Gatty had another kipper dexterously fixed on a penholder. Myers was toasting the muffins, and a pile of these comestibles, in a more or less advanced stage of burning, reposed in a cracked plate in the fender.

"Whew!" said Dicky Nugent, sniffing with emphasis as he led Okito and the rest of the fag tribe into the Form-room. "What a terrific niff! Bunter, you little idiot, you're burning those kippers!"

"Rats!" retorted Bunter minor, turning a red visage and glaring at his leader. "It's young Myers scorching the muffins! But I—say, Nugent, I believe some of these kippers are off!"

Dicky Nugent sniffed the greasy pile of kippers and backed away rather hastily.

"Grossooh!" They do smell a bit gammy," he said. "I thought that fishy merchant in Friardale was rather too keen on getting rid of 'em at that knock-out price. But, never mind, we'll sort out the good ones from the gammy 'uns for Okito. Those kippers and muffins look rather tempting, Okito—what?"

Okito blinked at the kippers and the charred muffins, and shuddered. "Me no like the look of them," he said decidedly. "Me already had tea. Me sit here and watch you eat. Me like to watch you eat that lot."

"Ahem!" said Dicky Nugent, rubbing his nose. "I—I don't think I blame you, Okito. Young Myers has made a perfect mucker of the muffins, now I come to look hard at 'em. And as for those kippers—"

"Look here, Nugent, we ought to make Okito stand a tea!" said Sammy Bunter warmly. "It's a new kid's place to treat

the Form to a feed on his first day—ain't it, chaps?"

"Hear, hear!" said a number of eager voices.

Okito smiled all over his round face. "Me rather pay for tea than eat kippers and muffins with you!" he said. "Me have plenty money. Me pay for feed."

Dicky Nugent almost fell down when he saw that bulky pocket-book full of notes, and the rest of the Second gave gasps of awe. Okito gave Dicky five pound-notes and a handful of silver. The leader of the fags took the wealth like one in a dream. The little Jap boy was nothing if not liberal.

"Take money and buy tuck!" murmured Okito. "Me stand treat with pleasure."

"Mum-my only sainted Aunt Maria!" gurgled Dicky. "Give me a kick, somebody, just to show whether I'm awake! Yow-ow! That'll do, young Gatty! I say, Okito, this is awfully good of you! My word, won't we have a feed now! We'll buy up the whole blessed tuck-shop! Chuck those kippers and muffins away, Bunter! Kim on, kids!"

A rush was made to the school tuck-shop. Harry Wharton & Co., and a number of other Removites were in there, making sundry purchases.

Dicky Nugent's vast wealth elicited gasps of amazement from everybody.

Frank Nugent laid a heavy hand on his young minor's coat collar and swung him round.

"Where did you get that tin from, you little rascal!" he demanded. "Been robbing a bank?"

## —FREE REAL PHOTOS—

"Yow-ow! Leggo! No fear!" gasped Dicky, wriggling. "Okito gave it to me. He's standing treat for the Second!"

"Whew!"

The news soon got round. Fellows gathered from far and near to watch Dicky Nugent & Co. buy up the tuck-shop.

The fags bore away their good things jubiliantly to the Form-room, where a huge fire was stoked up and preparations made for the feed.

Okito bubbled over with delight and warmth. He was the tiniest one there—smaller even than Hop III, the Chinese fag. Dicky Nugent & Co. sat him on a pile of books and gave him the place of honour. The feed commenced gloriously.

In the midst of it the Form-room door opened and Billy Bunter's eyeglasses glimmered in.

"I say, you kids—"

"Buzz off, Bunter!" roared Dicky Nugent, with his mouth full of rabbit-pie.

"Oh, really, Nugent, I think I have a right in here!" said Bunter, coming farther in, his little round eyes gleaming covetously at the good things the Second-Formers were enjoying. "I'm Okito's protector—"

"Rats! Get out!" said Dicky Nugent.

"Look here, Bunter, I suppose you're after something to eat?"

"Ahem!" coughed Billy Bunter.

"I've come to keep an eye on Okito.

But I'll admit that I'm Jewish and I—"

"Then here you are!" said Dicky,

taking aim at Bunter with one of the "gammy" kippers. The kipper struck Bunter on the nose, and he went staggering back with a yell.

More kippers came at him, and then the muffins; and Billy Bunter had to beat a strategic retreat. He fled from the Second Form room, yelling.

Dicky Nugent & Co. chuckled and went on with their feed.

They ate until their faces were red and shiny and their waists got uncomfortably tight. It was the finest feed the Second-Formers had had for a long time. They felt at peace with themselves and with all the world.

"Okito, you're a giddy knock-out!" said Dicky, breathing rather heavily. "Where on earth did you pick up your ju-jitsu?"

"Me learn in Japan!" grinned Okito. "Ju-jitsu come in first place from my country. Japs are very clever at it. Japs very clever at other things, too. Me do balancing tricks—watch!"

The Second-Formers formed a circle round Okito, and he gave them a marvellous exhibition of weird and wonderful tumbling and balancing.

"My hat!" breathed Dicky Nugent. "You're a giddy marvel, Okito!"

"Anybody try to wrestle with me?" inquired the tiny Jap junior, looking round with a wide smile. "Me give exhibition of ju-jitsu—"

"No fear!"

The Second-Formers backed away hastily. They had no desire to try conclusions with Okito in a wrestling-match. Okito grinned.

"Fetch me rope!" he said. "Me show you how to walk the tight-rope."

"Walk the tight-rope! My hat!" gasped Dicky Nugent. "That will be topping!"

A rope was fetched, and tied across the room, fixed to a cupboard door-handle at one side, and to the top rail of the blackboard at the other. Several juniors held the blackboard to prevent it from sliding, and Okito mounted the rope.

He walked along it in mid-air in grand style, and, arriving at the other end, gave a little jump to the floor.

Dicky Nugent & Co. gasped.

"Bravo, Okito!"

The Jap boy grinned with pleasure—he liked to display his powers and gain applause. He took a pile of exercise-books, mounted the blackboard with them, balanced them on his nose, and then walked once more on to the tight-rope.

## —For MAGNET READERS!

Dicky Nugent & Co. watched the little Jap boy breathlessly as he walked slowly along the rope with the tall pile of exercise-books balanced deftly on his nose!

All of a sudden a heavy footstep sounded outside, the Form-room door opened, and a tall, inspiring figure in cap and gown entered.

The Second-Formers fell back with gasps of horror.

"Twigg!" ejaculated Dicky, in a faint voice. "Oh, crumbs!"

Mr. Twigg, M.A., the master of the

Boys, Frank Richards' long complete is going to make a big noise next week!

Second, gazed in horror round the room, at the remains of the fags' orgy, and he gave a gasp. Then, as his gaze wandered upward to the little Jap balancing himself on the tight-rope, he fell back in amazement.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Twigg.

Gatty and Myers were holding the blackboard, but at the rumbling sound of their master's voice their nerveless hands let go. The weight of Okito on the rope pulled the blackboard forward, the rope sagged down, and Okito gave a squeal.

"Look out!" shouted Dicky Nugent. Crash!

The blackboard came over, and Okito lost his footing on the rope. The pile of books lurched sideways, and fell in a heap on top of Mr. Twigg's scholastic head. The avalanche of books completely bowled the master over. He clattered to the floor in the midst of the scattered books, and Okito fell down on top of him.

"Yarooooohh!" roared Mr. Twigg. "Oh, dear! Yah! Ooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Second-Formers.

It was disrespectful and unfeeling of them to laugh at their Form master's misfortune, but really they could not help themselves—it was so comical the way it had all happened.

Mr. Twigg struggled to his feet, rubbing his injured cranium. He was boiling over with rage. He reached down and hauled the small form of Okito to his feet.

"Oooooohh! Let go! Let go!" wailed the little Jap, wriggling like an eel. "Me no mean to come down on you with books. Most exquisite ruler, I lick the dust at your feet! Me very sorry! Those two miserable sons of crocodiles—let go blackboard, and Okito no help himself. Let go! Oooohh!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Twigg.

"Miserable sons of crocodiles!" gurgled Gatty and Myers together.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Okito, with a very scared look, pulled out his pocket-book, and selected a handful of rustling banknotes.

"No lick me with stick, zuprema dictator!" he wailed. "Me give you lots of money for pardon! No give stick, but take money. Look! All yours not to lick me!"

Mr. Twigg was so taken aback that he let go of Okito. Dicky Nugent & Co. were thunder-struck, too. A boy offering his schoolmaster money in lieu of a caning was something new. Okito meant it, too, for he tried to press the banknotes on Mr. Twigg.

"Bless my heart and soul!" said the Form master faintly. "Okito, you ridiculous youth, do not offer me a bribe! I—ahem!—could not think of taking your money. Dear me! What a most surprising youth! Boys, cease your laughter! What disgusting orgy has been taking place in here? You lads have been gorging yourselves with indigo-tinted conestibles!"

"We—we've been having a tea, sir in honour of Okito's arrival," said Dicky Nugent meekly. "We thought he deserved it as he ju-jitsu-ed Loder. I—I mean he's a decent little kid, and—and jolly clever, too! You should see his balancing-tricks, sir! He was showing us how to walk the tight-rope when you came in."

Mr. Twigg rubbed his head and smiled grimly.

"Yes, I am quite aware of that, Nugent minor," he said. "Such a state of affairs is unprecedented! Were it not for the fact that Okito is a foreigner, and not used to the ways of an English public school, I should not hesitate to punish him summarily. However, under the circumstances, I will take a lenient view of the matter. Boys, kindly set to and clear up this Form-room ready for evening preparation. Okito, you must not perform your tricks in here again, do you understand?"

"Me understand, incomparable protector!" said Okito softly and humbly. "Me no more do tricks! Then me no get stick—eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Second.

Mr. Twigg, in spite of himself, gave a smile and departed, rubbing those portions of his cranium that had come into contact with the falling books.

And the heroes of the Second chucklingly proceeded to set their Form-room in order for prep.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Billy Bunter Catches It!

**W**ILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER came up to Okito in the quadrangle the next day, after lessons, with a most affable smile on his fat face.

Bunter had heard the story of the happening in the Second Form room last evening—all Greyfriars had heard, in fact, and yelled over it. The part

that took Billy Bunter's imagination more than ever, though, was Okito's terror of being punished and his willingness to pay up liberally in banknotes rather than suffer the horror of the "stick."

William George's cunning brain had been evolving a scheme that day. Bunter was sure it would work. And he was now about to work it!

"I say, Okito, just a minute!" he said, taking the Jap junior by his frail arm. "You're a dab at ju-jitsu, aren't you?"

"Me expert at ju-jitsu," said Okito, nodding and smiling.

"Good!" said Bunter. "There's nothing like ju-jitsu for self-protection. I've often thought I'd like to learn ju-jitsu. I dare say I could pick it up very quickly. Do you think you could give me a few lessons, Okito?"

Okito smiled broadly as he looked at William George Bunter's huge, ungainly form.

"Yes, me teach you ju-jitsu," he said. "It will be very hard at first. Ju-jitsu is not easy, thou lumbering hippopotamus."

"Oh, really, you know!" said Billy Bunter, glowering. "I don't want any cheek from you, Okito! Ahem! What I mean to say is, will you do me a favour and come up to my study and start the lessons now?"

Okito nodded, and he accompanied Bunter indoors and up to the Remove passage.

Bunter knew that he would have Study No. 7 to himself for some time. Peter Todd was busy in Study No. 4 with Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing, helping



There was a crowd outside the shop when Peter Todd arrived, and, to his amazement, he saw P.-c. Tozer come through the crowd hauling along, by the scruff of his neck, none other than Billy Bunter. "My hat!" gasped Peter.

"Bunter's arrested!" (See Chapter 5.)

The boy who wouldn't make friends—next week's astounding tale of Greyfriars I



Okito, with a very scared look, pulled out his pocket book and selected a handful of rustling notes. "No lick me with stick, supreme dictator!" he wailed to the astonished Mr. Twigg. "Me give you lots of money for pardon! No give stick, but take money—look! All yours not to lick me!" (See Chapter 4.)

them fix up a wireless receiving set the Bounder had just invested in. Alonzo, his gentle cousin, was somewhere in the cloisters imbibing further spiritual information from "The Story of a Potato," whilst Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, had gone to keep an appointment with Mr. Quelch for some special tuition.

"Come in, Okito!" said Bunter, opening the door of Study No. 7, and closing it again when they were both in. "We can be quite alone, you see."

Billy Bunter and Okito were soon wriggling together on the floor.

Bunter's wheeze was to suffer a little rough-and-tumbling, purposely damage one or two articles of furniture in the room, and then threaten Okito with dire punishment from the masters unless he paid up for the damage and the price of his—Bunter's—silence.

But the ju-jitsu lesson had not been in progress more than a few minutes before Billy Bunter discovered that he was in for rather more rough-and-tumbling than he had bargained for. He gave a roar when Okito, in showing him a certain twist, threw him under the table, so that his head came into violent contact with one of the table legs.

"Yarooop!" "Wow!" moaned Bunter, crawling on to the carpet again. "Steady on, Okito. Don't be so rough. I nearly got concussion of the brain!"

Okito grinned, and closed with Bunter once again. The little Jap boy seemed to be enjoying that lesson. Perhaps he wanted a little practice in the art of ju-jitsu more than Bunter wanted lessons. He threw the Owl of the Remove all over the study.

Bump, bump! Crash!  
"Yow-ow-ow!" howled Bunter, as Okito hurled him over his head and he fell heavily in the coal-scuttle.  
"Woop!" My back's broken, and my shoulder's out of joint! Yarooogh! Jæggø!"

Okito did not let go. He was warming to the work now. He flung Bunter about for a few minutes, and then whirled him over his shoulder. Bunter's fat form hit the table, knocked it over, and down came the inkstand, spurring a black flood all over the study carpet.

Bunter howled at the top of his voice as Okito came up for another demonstration. This time he spun Bunter between his legs. Bunter clutched the open door of the bookcase as he went by, with the consequence that he pulled the bookcase down. It landed on top of the upturned table, with a fearful crash, a splintering of glass, and a shower of books.

"Yaroooh! Oh dear! Help! Wow! Murder! Oooooop!" howled Billy Bunter.

By the time Okito had finished the ju-jitsu lesson Study No. 7 was in a terrible state. Bunter could not have wished for a more thorough wreck. The curtains were torn down, a window-pane smashed, the carpet torn and smothered with ink and crumbled coal-dust, the bookcase damaged and piled in the centre of the room amidst a garish heap of table, broken crockery, books, and chairs in a more or less damaged condition—mostly more.

The clock had been knocked down, and it lay in pieces in the fender, its inner mechanism scattered all over the hearth.

Peter Todd's desk was upturned and its contents trodden underfoot on the floor. The fender—a brass fender of which Peter Todd was inordinately proud—was twisted and battered out of all shape, and the looking-glass lay in a thousand fragments.

There was wreckage in Study No. 7 with a vengeance.

Okito stood by the fireplace, smiling all over his face. Billy Bunter arose painfully from the midst of the heap of furniture surrounding the table, and moaned.

He glared round, and gave a deeper moan.

"Yow-wow! Look what you've done to this study!" he gasped. "You've practically ruined everything, Okito! Look at it!"

The Jap boy grinned cheerfully.

"Never mind," he murmured. "Damage is a trifle. Me give you ju-jitsu lessons. You expect damage."

"You'll have to pay for this!" roared Bunter threateningly. "I didn't ask you to smash up the whole place, you heathen imp! I shall have to go to the Head and tell him what you've done. He'll give you ju-jitsu—with the stick!"

A look of dread and alarm crossed Okito's smiling face.

"No tell Head!" he cried. "Me no like stick! Diabolis, son of a viper, you no split on me!"

"I will!" said Bunter, adopting a more threatening attitude. "You don't think I'm going to take all this calmly, do you, Okito? You've done pounds and pounds of damage in here, and it wasn't my fault! If I tell the Head, he'll nearly kill you with the stick!"

"Oh dear! No tell Head!" wailed Okito plaintively. "Me no want stick! Me very sorry!"

"Mind, I'm not a hard-hearted fellow, otherwise I should go straight to the Head and make complaint," said Bunter loftily. "Yow-ow! My bruises and broken bones will cost something in doctor's bills. Look here, Okito, if you like to pay for the damage, I'll keep things quiet, and then you won't get the stick!"

"Very good! Me pay for damage!" said Okito eagerly. "Me pay with pleasure!"

Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles when Okito took out his pocket-book bulging with banknotes. Okito gave him a liberal helping of those notes. Billy Bunter's fat hand closed over them eagerly, and in the thrill of possessing so much money, he quite forgot his aches and pains.

"Good!" chuckled the wily Owl of the Remove. "You're a toff, Okito! I—I mean to say, you ought to think yourself jolly lucky I've let you off so lightly. You won't mention a word of this to anybody, will you?"

"No talk of it!" said Okito, shaking his head. "Me silent as oyster!"

Okito went, and William George Bunter blinked through his spectacles at the notes. His fat, dirty fingers went over them eagerly.

"Ten of 'em—at five ponnis each—that's fifty quid!" he gasped. "Oh, my word! I'll show Wharton and those chaps something! Fifty quid! I'll soon square Peter with a fiver, and the rest will be mine. He, he, he! Oh, I am a one, I am!"

William George Bunter gave a blink round the room, and then departed.

He could not stop now to clear up the study; in fact, he didn't even give such a thing a thought. All that Billy Bunter's mind was centred upon was the money he had in his pocket, and what

The most popular schoolboys in fiction—Harry Wharton & Co. I





then Toddy made Bunter clear up the study as much as possible.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton & Co. sought out Okito and confiscated the spurious banknotes he carried in his wallet. He had real money there as well, but most of the wallet's contents consisted of cleverly forged banknotes.

Harry Wharton & Co., back in Study No. 1, could not help wondering where Okito had obtained the notes. They were not of the ordinary "Bank of Engraving" variety, but undoubtedly were the work of experts.

"Anyway, the artful little beggar won't have a chance of using them any more!" said Wharton grimly, as he confiscated the bundle of false notes to the fire and raked them with the poker. "Jolly lucky we managed to square Tozer. If he had run Bunter in there, might have been some rather drastic results."

"My hat! Rather!" said Johnny Bull.

But there was one fellow at Greyfriars that evening who considered the results of the affair already very drastic indeed—too drastic, in fact, for his liking. That fellow was William George Bunter; and so drastically did the results affect him that he mourned all the evening and would not be comforted.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Amazing Footer!

OKITO of the Second was a very likeable youth—nobody could deny that. He was very retiring and meek, and seemed to be most anxious to please and to imitate the others. Only once during the ensuing two days did he emerge from his cloak of comparative obscurity. That was when Sammy Bunter, out of sheer curiosity, tried to open the mysterious red box that was among the Jap boy's belongings in the Second Form dormitory. Okito followed Bunter minor up to the dormitory with the stealth of a cat, and jumped suddenly on his inquisitive Form-fellow.

Those who saw Okito whirl Sammy Bunter out of the dormitory, throw him down the stairs, and then passionately call him lurid names in his quaintly expressive English, thought that Okito must be preserving some dread secret in that box.

The little Japanese boy's anger was soon gone, however, and he turned up on Little Side half an hour afterwards, smiling as blandly as ever. He was dressed in a football jersey and knickers that were much too large for him. Harry Wharton & Co., who were just arranging a match between the Remove Eleven and a scratch team, gazed at the comical sight that Okito presented, and howled with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Bob Cherry, holding Squiff for support in his mirth. "Which part of those giddy knickers do you live in, Okito?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the youthful footballers on Little Side.

"Me come to play footer," said Okito, with a meek smile. "English schoolboys play footer as national game. Me learn football—eh? You teach me?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The idea of Okito playing football struck Harry Wharton & Co. as highly ridiculous. They roared. Okito looked round the field, his little almond eyes wide open with meek astonishment at the mirth his request had provoked. He was perfectly serious in his desire to learn

the grand winter game that his school-fellows all revelled in.

"Well, kid, if you really are anxious to learn footer, you can play with us, and we'll teach you," said Harry Wharton, with a good-natured laugh. "Treluce, you can stand out and let Okito have your place."

"All serene!" grinned Treluce.

The news that Okito was learning football with Harry Wharton & Co. on Little Side attracted scores of grinning sight-seers to the field. Okito's comical appearance in his voluminous footer-togs caused shrieks of laughter to rise.

He did not mind the laughter, however. He listened seriously and earnestly while Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry outlined to him the rudiments of the game. He nodded his head several times, and seemed to take it all in.

The two grinning teams lined up, and Hobson of the Shell, who was refereeing, blew the whistle.

The scratch eleven, under the captaincy of Bolsover major, attacked in good style. Okito was left behind in the first onrush for the leather; but when Harry Wharton & Co. captured the ball and surged back again, the little Jap boy was soon in the thick of it. He dodged here and there, in and out of the players' legs and round them like an eel. He took possession of the ball by a very cunning twist round Russell, and then, standing on the ball with both feet, he trundled it down the field, still standing on it, maintaining a perfect balance, his feet twisting and curving cunningly round the leather sphere.

The other players and the fellows round the ropes shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at the famous ball walker!" roared Dicky Nugent.

"Go it, Okito!"

Okito found the way clear before him—the other players, in fact, were too paralysed with laughter to interfere. He juggled the ball down the field, balanced lightly on it, and then, with only Hazeldene in goal facing him, he jumped off lightly and kicked.

Hazeldene was holding up the goal-post, quite helpless with mirth. When he saw the ball coming he made a weak effort to stop it, but the ball went between his legs into the net.

"Goal!" shrieked the crowd.

"Ha, ha, ha! Played, Okito!"

It was the most amazing goal ever scored on a football-field. Harry Wharton & Co. were fairly doubled up with mirth. Hobson couldn't even summon enough breath to blow the whistle. The cold wintry air fairly rang with the howls of laughter that arose at Okito's feat.

"Oh, my hat! This is prime!" gurgled Bob Cherry, as the teams lined up again. "That kid will be the death of me this afternoon if he tries any more stunts like that! Ha, ha, ha!"

Peace!—

The game restarted, and Okito plunged into the scrum with a very determined look on his tiny face. Harry Wharton & Co. concentrated on scoring quickly, just to even up for the goal Okito had scored. Okito, therefore, did not have an opportunity of getting the ball for some time, but he kept the spectators in fits of merriment at his queer antics.

The regular eleven had brought up the score to 4-1 in their favour, when Okito

began to take the game really seriously. "That was because he overheard Bolsover major say to Trevor that they simply must score again. So Okito made up his mind to do the necessary."

Harry Wharton & Co. attacked and swooped down the field. Vernon Smith had the ball at his feet when Okito rushed at him, his baggy knickers flapping in the wind. He charged at Smithy, and the next thing the spectators were aware of was the fact that the Bounder had been flung in the air clean over Okito's shoulders. Vernon Smith came to earth with a bump right at the feet of Frank Nugent, who fell over him. Okito looked round for fresh worlds to conquer, and closed with Squiff, who came up to get the ball. There was a short, sharp struggle, and then Squiff went sailing into the air high over Okito's head.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the crowd.

"He's ju-jitsuing the team!"

Okito was really in deadly earnest. He dribbled the ball quite neatly down the field, and every player that charged at him he got round and flung away from him by means of his marvellous, subtle art. Several players took a journey over the Jap boy's head in that amazing rush down the field.

"Look out, Hazel!" bawled Bob Cherry, as the amazing Japanese junior neared the goal, having left most of the other players scattered on their backs on the field. "He'll have you over the crossbar, sure as eggs!"

Hazeldene rushed out of the goal-mouth, intending to trip up Okito and kick the ball into the field before he could get it back again. But Okito relinquished the ball when Hazel came up, and closed with him. Hazel was raised on high, turned upside down, and whirled round in a most bewildering manner. It seemed to the Remove that he was caught in the coils of a threshing-machine. Then Okito bent down and threw Hazeldene bodily over his back, through the goal-mouth and into the net. Hazel collapsed in a sitting posture in the net. Next minute Okito kicked the ball. It came whizzing in and struck the luckless goalie on the nose just as he was looking dazedly round.

"Goal!" howled the delighted crowd.

"He's scored with the goalie as well as the ball!" chortled Temple of the Upper Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hazeldene groined to his feet and staggered out of the goal-mouth holding his nose. He made a rush at Okito, and that youth, sensing that he had somehow broken the rules of Association football, dodged away.

"Bump him!" roared Johnny Bull. Johnny was one of those who had taken a header out of Okito's magical arm, and he had a huge bump on his head—the result of violent contact with Bob Cherry's boot just after the throwing operations.

"Yes, nab the little heathen and bump him!" shouted Ogilvy. "We'll teach him to take liberties on the field! Ju-jitsu ain't allowed in footer; we'll knock that into him, at any rate! He thinks he's playing Rugger!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold him!"

Okito ran like a hare from the field, and the infuriated footballers pounded after him. The little Jap's ju-jitsu exploits on the field had been funny enough to those watching, but for the players themselves it had been by no means a pleasant experience. They were all more or less mired in mud, for it had been

(Continued on page 17.)

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

Fun, excitement, and breathless drama in next week's school tale!



Supplement No. 108.

# THE GREYFRIARS HERALD

Harry Wharton  
Editor

Week Ending January 6th, 1923.

## NEW YEAR MESSAGES!

Collected by Frank Nugent.

To the Editor, Companion Papers, London.—We are starting a New Year. For over fifteen years you have faithfully recorded the adventures of the boys at my school, and I have to congratulate you upon the success you have obtained. I hope the New Year will see your obtaining a vast array of new readers, for I am sure your papers contain the very best stories and articles for boys and girls of all ages. I am extremely gratified, too, at your kindness in allowing so much of your valuable space to be utilised for the publication of Harry Wharton's weekly.—Best wishes,  
"H. H. LOCKE."

To Mr. Frank Richards.—How on earth do you remember all that goes on at Greyfriars? You must have a memory like a soap bubble—no holes for escape. Jolly good luck, sir, and long may you reign! The only thing I see wrong with you is that you are too kind to Billy Bunter. He's a much bigger chump than you make him out to be. All the merriest.  
"HARRY WHARTON."

To All Bullies, Sneaks, Cads, Worms, and Bunters.—Take notice that I, Robert Cherry, am resolved to put the ruddy tin lid on any rough play, sneaking, cadishness, crawling, or spying during the forthcoming year. I'm picking up weight—and if the persons mentioned hereinbefore don't alter their ways, they'll know all about it! So beware, beware!  
"ROBERT CHERRY."

To My Boys.—A merry New Year—I mean, a prosperous New Year. May you absorb all the knowledge I have to drum into your heads—may my teaching be of ever increasing value to you. I might—ahem!—be a 'beast' sometimes—ahem!—but, as I have—ahem!—heard mentioned I am—ahem!—a just beast. Do not take to heart—ahem!—too much my—ahem!—somewhat frequent—ahem!—tinnings.  
"HERBERT HORACE QUILCH."

To Removites and others Fags.—I'm not going to stand any cheek this term. We start a new year, and some of you will be starting with new ears if you don't learn to respect your betters and elders. My resolution for this New Year—Deal out the tick ears like raindrops from the clouds to all fags who won't fag!  
"HORACE COKER."

To Captain Corkran.—Please come and fetch your old pal, Billy, and take him out to the Congo at my school. The fellows here have no respect whatever for the fact that I have numerous titled relatives. I'm not a snob, but I must say I think it a bit too thick to be classed the same as they are. Out on the Congo I was king—every man looked up to me. I'd like to be a king again, please.  
"BILLY BUNTER."

## EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

I WANT to start the New Year by wishing every chum a very prosperous future—in fact, I could write an issue of the "Herald" and merely print half of the good things I do sincerely wish you all. So jolly luck, old knuts, and everything of the best! I have toasted you all in the tuckshop, where Mrs. Mimble has had some extra-floaming ginger-pop recently!

The special number is a New Year and Resolution Number. I felt that we simply must have a special New Year Number, but so much happened when the Resolutions came to be stated that I felt we might just as well include a few articles and stories describing these incidents as use the whole of the space at our disposal by giving New Year greetings.

It came about this way. Bob Cherry bounced into the editorial office just as I was making up my mind what to write for you.

"Harry, my son!" said the cheerful Bob, tears of merriment streaming down his cheeks. "Got any room for a story in the next number?"

"What manner of story?" I asked guardedly.

"I want to write a story—Louzy Todd is going round asking chaps what their New Year resolutions are—and I tell you, it's a scream!"

I nodded, after a moment's thought. "Go ahead, Bob!" I said. "Don't run it too long, that's all. I've got a heap of stuff to get in."

Thus it was settled. The number was to be partly a New Year Number, and partly for saying something about Resolutions.

I might just mention that I am starting the New Year by getting out a list of the special numbers we shall publish in the course of the next few months. Many of the suggestions, I know, came from Tom Merry. Others were scrounged by Bulstrode—others I have thought of myself.

Wherever they came from, or whoever thought of them, we've got a stunning programme ahead. All I want is the support of my readers. I want to see the copies being passed round just a little more, so that fellows who have never heard of our paper will get to know it. Once seen, always wanted, you know!

Again, chappies, every possible good wish for the New Year—may everything you wish for yourselves be granted you!

HARRY WHARTON.

## SOME CURIOUS RESOLUTIONS!

By DR. LOCKE  
(The Head of Greyfriars.)

I HAVE really very little time to spare. Wharton of the Remove has asked me to write a short article on curious resolutions that have come in my knowledge, and I will oblige to the best of my ability.

I take it that you—readers of the "Greyfriars Herald"—would rather hear about various resolutions made by Greyfriars boys of the past than of my personal friends and relatives.

I think the most curious of all resolutions I ever heard was made by a boy named Harrowing—Richard Harrowing, who was captain of Greyfriars nearly forty years ago. He resolved that every fag sent to the village by the seniors should cycle there and back. This led him to considerable expense, for the fags did not fully appreciate the kindness of their captain, who bought a bicycle and kept it in the porter's lodge for their use and benefit. No fewer than six bicycles were stolen or smashed in Harrowing's time, and the seventh disappeared the very day he left. However, he bought the eighth machine as farewell gift to the fags, who got up a fund to provide a brass band to play their popular captain to the station.

Another curious resolution was made by a Third Form boy, who afterwards became a junior master at Greyfriars. I refer to Martin Otford who, as we all know, was killed in the Great War. Otford resolved that he would fag for the biggest bully in the school. Why he made this resolution, no one can say, but I have an idea that it was sheer good nature. He said he seldom felt pain—the only pain he put up with a lot more than could his fellow fags. Poor boy! His was a noble character.

A boy in the Remove, thirty years ago, was Clarence Cubbitt. He was a cheerful fellow, who became the world-renowned scientist. His resolve that the Head's birth-day should always be celebrated by cutting the chain of the rising bell, a huge firework being exploded to serve the purpose of rousing the scholars. For a year or two he succeeded in carrying out his resolve, although a watch was kept when the Head's birth-day came round again. In the end, however, the firework exploded in his hand, and he was cured of his resolution thereafter!

I have only space in which to record one more strange resolution. James Barlow, one of the greatest "strokes" who ever entered a Greyfriars boat, announced on New Year's Eve that the first thing he was seen to do on New Year's Day he should do every New Year's Day at the same time. Many humorous friends plotted to make him do something extraordinary, so that he would have to admit that he would not be able to carry out his resolution. They failed, however, for Barlow rose before anybody else, and the first thing he was seen to do was washing his neck! I often wonder if he thinks of it nowadays—and keeps to the same time for washing his neck every New Year's Day!

(Thanks very much for this topping contribution, sir!—ED.)

Next week's special number of the "Herald" is topping! Don't miss it!



# Lonzy's Great Chance!

By BOB CHERRY.

IT was a letter from Uncle Benjamin that really started Alonzo Todd—who is known as the Duffer of the Remove, on the warpath.

He showed me the letter, meeting me in the passage leading to Study No. 1, whither I was going to help with the New Year Number of the "Greyfriars Herald."

"Ah, Cherry, my dear fellow!" beamed Lonzy. "A most opportune meeting, if I might say so!"

"Cut it short, Lonzy!" I said briskly. "Busy to-day—press day, you know!"

"There is nothing quite so urgent as the business I have in mind, my dear Robert," said Lonzy. "I have a letter here—"

"That's funny!" I said, with mock seriousness. "I had one this morning, too."

"Ah, but this is from my Uncle Benjamin!" said Lonzy in a tone which suggested that that was the greatest honour in the world one could receive. "Pray read it, my dear Jerry."

Thinking that perhaps I should get away from Lonzy more quickly if I accepted the letter without further argument, I took it. It read thus:

"My dear nephew Alonzo,—You have now the most excellent opportunity to do good. It is the New Year, and at the New Year it is customary to make resolutions. What an excellent opportunity is provided you! Now is the time to mould your schoolfellows' minds—to secure from them resolutions to make a monthly contribution to the fund for clothing the poor, deaf savages, the cannibals of Aitchbone Island, for instance, are entirely without socks! Just think of it—no socks at all! Do your best, dear nephew.—Your affectionate  
"UNCLE BENJAMIN."

"I see!" I remarked, when I handed back the letter. "You want me to make a resolution to the effect that I will hand over a monthly contribution for the benefit of the poor, deaf savages of Aitchbone Island?"

"You have accepted the true version—"

began Lonzy, with a beaming smile.  
"Lonzy, my son, there's nothing doing!" I said hastily. "I'll teach you how to box—or I'll teach some of the giddy old cannibals, if you'll bring 'em here. But as for providing them with socks—hrrrr!"

"I'm sure the cannibals have no desire to box, my dear Cherry," said Lonzy seriously. "Besides, it is not advisable to teach them how to be rough—"

"Oh, my hat!" said I. "Rough! When they like nothing better than to poke aitchbone into the eyes of the poor!"  
Lonzy, old infant, have a chat with some of the other fellows. They'll—ahem—be interested, I've no doubt!"

With that, I walked away. But only as far as the corner of the corridor. I had an idea that there would be some fun when Lonzy tackled the other claps. They have not all got the patience of Job—or Bob Cherry.

Vernon-Smith was the next Remove Lonzy tackled. I noticed that he had placed the letter in his pocket—evidently that was not to be used as the chief weapon of persuasion.

"Ah, Vernon-Smith!" said Lonzy, with one of his beaming smiles. "Ah! Have you made a resolution yet?"

"What-ho!" said Vernon-Smith cheerfully. "I've this very instant made one."

"Might I inquire the nature?"  
"Certainly! I've expanded my mind that every time a good little ass named Todd talks to me, I'm going to do—this!" said the Bounder.

And gripping Lonzy by the shoulder,

Vernon-Smith swung him round, gently swept his feet from under him, and sat him on the floor.

"Ow! Dear me! Really!" gasped Lonzy.

"You make a resolution to be a little man, instead of a champion chump!" advised Smithy, with a chuckle. "Ta-ta!"

"Ow! He is most rough—most rough!" murmured Lonzy, as he picked himself up. He was brushing the dust from his clothes when Dick Russell came along. Dicky grinned.

"In the wars, Lonzy?" he asked.

"Vernon-Smith, I regret to say—"

began Lonzy, but he broke off to change the subject. "Have you made your resolution yet, Russell?"

Dick nodded.

"Just made it!" he said. "I'm going to be a missionary!"

Lonzy fairly beamed then. He grasped Dick's hand and shook it warmly.

"My dear Richard—my dear Richard!" he exclaimed. "How pleased my Uncle Benjamin would be if he knew! How pleased all my dear schoolfellows will be when they know!"

"They'll certainly be very surprised," admitted Dick.



Gripping Alonzo by the shoulders, Vernon-Smith swung him round, gently swept his feet from under him, and sat him on the floor.

"I was going to ask you to make a certain resolution, Richard," said Lonzy. "In the circumstances, however, I cannot persuade you to adopt any better resolution than the one of which you have spoken."

"I'm only wondering how they—the savages, you know—will like it," said Dick musingly; and as he happened to catch sight of me at that moment, he winked the eye farthest from Lonzy.

"They will accept you as a brother, my dear Richard!" said Lonzy firmly.

"Will they?" grunted Dick. "A brother savage, by gum! My mission will be to teach them how to defend themselves—how to use guns and bombs and revolvers—so that no one can override them!"

Richard!

Lonzy fairly gasped. In fact, he nearly shrieked. Dick Russell's mission was hardly what Todd had been anticipating.

"Think how lovely it will be for them—how lovely it will be to feel that one can kill a few enemies before breakfast every morning," said Dick solemnly.

Lonzy did not stop. With a look of utter terror, Lonzy placed his fingers to his ears and ran down the corridor and disappeared round the corner. It was obviously quite useless to try and persuade Dick Russell to give a monthly contribution to provide socks for the Aitchbone cannibals.

I chuckled as I followed in Lonzy's wake. Dick went his way, grinning.

The Duffer was not getting along very well. The juniors with whom he had spoken had so far turned not only a deaf ear, but had cut him short almost before he made known his wishes—and Uncle Ben's wishes. But Lonzy was a stickler. He had evidently made up his mind that, if it took him all day, he would approach all the Removes for contributions for his mad-brained stunt. He came back up the stairs and made his way to Lord Maulvever's study.

For once Mauly was not lying down. He was on the settee, reading a book, when Lonzy went in. With my notebook in my hand, I listened to hear what passed between them.

"Ah, Maulvever!" said Lonzy. "Pray, excuse my interrupting you for a few minutes."

"Yaas," said Mauly lazily.

"I want you to make a resolution, my dear Maulvever," said Lonzy, beaming upon his lordship. "You have a fearful lot of money, which I dare say was obtained in an illegal way by your ancestors—"

"Begad!"

"Your ancestors, my dear Mauly, were notoriously cruel and tough," went on Lonzy. "We have heard about Sir Fuik— and Sir Gilbert. What a good thing for this world that they are not living now! They made the wealth of the Maulvevers, and I want you to promise to give a little of that ill-gotten wealth for the benefit of your kind."

Mauly chuckled lazily.  
"I will do it pretty freely, dear boy," he said. "Nunky hales out the quidlets with a generous hand."

"But none to the poor, dear cannibals!" began Lonzy warmly.

"The whatter!" gasped Maulvever. "Begad! Here's a receipt which might interest you, Lonzy!"

Lonzy took the piece of paper Mauly handed him and read it out aloud:

"Received from Lord Maulvever the sum of one hundred pounds towards the cost of an expedition for the extermination of cannibals.—MAJOR-GEN. ALEXANDER WILSON."

Lonzy handed the paper back without a word, and strode from the study. Mauly chuckled, and resumed reading his book.

Lonzy tackled several other fellows, and from one—Harold Skinner—had obtained a promise of a monthly contribution. But Skinner paid the first contribution on the spot, and, as it happened to be a bad French penny, Alonzo Todd thought it would be as well to turn even that solitary offer down.

What Lonzy wrote to Uncle Benjamin I cannot say. But for days Lonzy looked forlorn and miserable. Uncle Benjamin had pointed out that he had a great chance to start the New Year well—for himself and for the poor, dear cannibals—and Lonzy felt that he had failed.

It wasn't Lonzy that was failing—it was the Remove's belief that cannibals could do without socks!

THE END.

Another fine batch of funny stories and articles next week!

# Seeing The New Year In!

Telling how Harry Wharton & Co. saw the New Year In at Greyfriars.

By DICK RUSSELL.



**L**ODER, the Sixth Form prefect at Greyfriars, grunted as he turned out the lights in the Remove dormitory. Peeping from under the sheets, I saw that Gerald Loder had a cane in his hand, and I suppose the grunt was because he could find no cause to wallop anybody.

If he had only known, Loder had plenty of cause for walloping the whole of the Remove.

A peep under the sheets would have given the game away. Of all the Removes, there was only one who was in his pyjamas, and that one was Billy Bunter. The rest of the Remove were attired in their trousers and socks and shirts, ready to get out of bed as soon as Loder's footsteps had died away.

"All right!" called out Harry Wharton, after a few minutes' pause. "Out you get, you fellows!"

The fellows tumbled out of bed in double-quick time. Only Billy Bunter remained between the sheets. Billy would have been useless in the event we had planned, for there was not a feed attached to it.

It was New Year's Eve, and we had arranged to see the New Year in at Greyfriars. For various reasons, we did not consult Mr. Quech, our Form master, on the point.

Thus, as soon as Loder had got clear away, we gathered round Harry Wharton's bed to get our instructions.

"It's agreed that the proper way to start the New Year is for a dark man to cross the threshold of the door," said Wharton. "We've got Inky—"

"The pleasantness of my esteemed and valiant services is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh, who was by far the darkest chap in the Remove.

"Right! Then Inky lets the New Year—"

began Wharton.

But he was interrupted. Bob Cherry suddenly gave vent to a chuckle, and that chuckle became a loud laugh, and that loud laugh grew into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We looked at him in amazement.

"Shush, you ass!" I warned him. "You'll have Wingate up here in a minute!"

"Blow Wingate! I've got an idea!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha! Ow, yow! Stop it, you— Gug-gug-gug!"

Several of us sprang at the hilarious Bob and looked at him over. Frank Nugent snatched a pillow from the nearest bed, and in a moment Bob Cherry's yell was smothered.

"What's the matter with you, you clump?" demanded Harry Wharton, in a tense whisper. "If you'll get the whole class stunk if you make such a row!"

Bob's eyes gleamed humorously. Even the half-suffocating pillow couldn't keep Bob's spirits down at that moment. He evidently had an idea, and we let him get up to expound.

"You fatheads don't deserve to be let into the best of a dark man ever, the New Year!" he said warmly.

"You'd better buck up, or it will be first idea of the New Year!" said Vernon-Smith, practically.

Bob nodded then.

"Right! Listen, you chaps! The stunt is to let a dark man cross the threshold of the door, but the custom does not say what kind of black man. I suggest we make

one, instead of pressing Inky into service." We stared at him again, thinking he must have gone off his rocker. But he was grinning cheerfully, and in a few moments we had got hold of his wheeze.

It was to roll some Johnny into some soot, and then chase him into the building. It would make a row, as Bob pointed out, but a row in the New Year wouldn't be a bad start. And it would be great fun.

Snoop, Skinner, and a few others of that kidney, elected to stop behind when it was suggested that Fry of the Upper Fourth should be our black man. There might be trouble, and they didn't want trouble.

"We can get along better without you," said Wharton cheerily. "Non-combatants, weak-minded chumps, and double-barrelled junk can stop in bed. Others, follow your jolly leader!"

We got out of the dormitory quietly enough, and made our way to the Upper Fourth quarters. There the lights were all out, and the chaps were sleeping the sleep of the just.



Mark Linley dashed straight up to the unlucky Fry, and not stopping to think, scooped a basin full of soot over his napper!

But there was one chap who woke up rather suddenly. That one was Fry, Wharton, Bob Cherry, and myself grabbed him at the same moment, and Frank Nugent smothered his surprised yell in the chap's own pillow.

Frank Nugent is a nib at that game. Fry was borne, struggling and kicking, out of the dormitory and down the stairs into the Close. The night was fine, fortunately, and the light of the moon was all sufficient for our purpose.

"Look here, Fry," said Harry Wharton, in a whisper; "we're only going to let the New Year in. You're going to be our darky, and if you don't want to be gagged before the fun commences, then you'd better promise to be a good little boy."

"Gug-gug-gug!" spluttered Fry. "I'll smash you—"

"Don't let him yell, Franky," I said hastily. "The ass will wake all the masters in a jiffy!"

Frank pressed hard upon the pillow, and there were more gug-gug-gugs from Fry.

It took us nearly five minutes to persuade Fry that it would be much better to chuck up playing the giddy ox and do as we wanted him to do. Then he was allowed to see daylight—I mean, midnight.

"I'll smash you foga foga for this!" he said, sulphurously. "I'll—"

"Naughtily, naughtily!" chided Bob Cherry. "That's a bad way to start the New Year, my pippin!"

"I'll start well enough by giving you a licking all round—"

Suddenly the clock commenced to chime midnight.

"Boon, boon!"

"Where's that confounded soot?" howled Noughtily.

"Soot!" hooted Fry. "My hat! If you—"

"Boooooh!"

Mark Linley arrived with the soot in the nick of time. He did not stop to think. He dashed straight up to the unlucky Fry, and swooped a basin full of soot over his napper.

"Run, Fry, you're spoiling the stunt!" shouted Bob Cherry, giving the Fourth Former a hefty push.

Fry jumped, and ran for it. He wanted to, then. He needed no urging. He wanted to get to his dorm and remove that soot. He fairly ran for it, and he was dashing into the House when the last stroke of midnight boomed out.

"That's that!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Poor old Fry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Caw! Light in Quech's room!" hissed Micky Desmond.

We made a wild rush for the Remove dormitory and huddled into bed. And the dorm was as silent as a churchyard when old Quechley came in, a lamp in one hand and a cane in the other. He stood for a moment looking round, then he went out again.

"Phew!" whistled Wharton, as he sat up in bed. "Nearly started the New Year by giving old Quechley some exercise with his cane! Hallo! Fourth-Formers! Turn out!"

The Fourth-Formers must have crept very quietly along the passage for old Quechley was not to have heard them. However, they did manage it, and that was all that mattered.

In less than half a second we were at grips. Fry had brought half the Upper Fourth with him, bent on vengeance. And for the moment we were walloped all over the dorm.

Then the door opened again, and in came Mr. Quech, with Loder, and Wingate, and North, and Walker.

"Stop this row!" shouted Wingate.

As he emphasised each word with a swipe with his assistant, the Fourth and the Remove thought it would be better to stop the row. The Fourth fled, yelling, but the Remove couldn't escape. We got enough cuts to last us the whole of the New Year in the short space of five minutes—and I'll warrant the arms of the master and prefects must have ached for days afterwards.

When they had gone, you would have thought there had been a massacre instead of a celebration. The groans were simply too numerous to mention.

"Grog would say: 'Wat I wa is this 'ere, I'm verry glad you can only see the New Year in once in twelve months!'"

THE END.

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THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL!

Get a Copy Right Now.

A jolly good laugh keeps the doctor away! That's why you should read the "Herald"!

## NEW YEAR CUSTOMS ON THE CONGO!

By Billy Bunter.

(Before I read this contribution, I thought the biggest thing about Billy Bunter was his appetite—now I think his imagination is bigger!—Ed.)

I WENT to a lot of trouble to find out sum of the customs of the Congo in the New Year. One of my faithful slaves, Bongo, who was afterwards proved to be a rotter, told me sumthing about their customs. For the benefit of the unintelligent, customs refer to habits as well as the officials who add to the cost of living.

I think that sum of the customs could be found at Greyfriars with very little trouble. For instance, the one which appeals to me as being the best for Greyfriars to adopt is that which Bongo told me about.

In the Congo, at New Year, the cannibals find the fattest fellow in the district. They don't content themselves with calling a burly brute like Bolver a fat fellow. They search until they find someone with a reely hand, some, pump figure. When they have found him, they stand him a feed an hour for the first twenty-three days of January, a feed every two hours until February 30th, and sew on until the end of the year, when the fat fellow has only one feed a day.

Of course, you can understand that the fat fellow doesn't long for the end of the year. He sort of disappears, and then turns up smilin' in time to be chosen for the sellybration of the New Year again. The cannibals can't remember faces. Greyfriars might do the same thing for the plumpest figure with the fat boy—I mean, the fat boy with the finest figure.

Then again, they have a way of toasting the best-looking fellow in the county—or tribe, as the case "out there." A fat, stout-thort that the cannibals reely did the most good-looking fellow brood, but I soon learnt that the cannibals merely treated him to a drink every time the barometer was above "summer heat." If the fellows at Greyfriars sort out the best-looking chap in the school, and treated him the same way, I'm sure that sort of toasting would be far more popular than it is at present.

Another custom is more of a necessity than is pleasant. The cannibals in the Congo say that hillies every New year, I should strongly advise Loder and Bulstrode and Bolver to stay in England. They would be all rite if they had me to protect them, but I can't go to the Congo every year to make certain that they're not in the kitchenes of the cannibals.

One custom amused me amensely—I mean amused me immensely. The cannibals search the stock cupboards of each other, and the one who has the least has to stand a huge feed to all the others. No junk, I can tell you, when some poor fellow's cupboard is empty. The funny part, of course, is—how is a fellow with nothing going to stand a feed to those with plenty? That's a difficult problem which might be worked out to advantage by Greyfriars fellows. I know a chap in the Remove whose cupboard is nearly always empty, and he would be willing to give his next postal order to the fellow who can solve that grate problem—which is even more important in the Congo than is the unemployment problem to Briton.

They are the most novel customs in the Congo.

P.S.—I hope somebody solves that problem.

## RESOLUTIONS!

By Tom Brown.

NEW YEAR resolutions, and to say, are like chocolate-bars—they are made to be broken. It breaks my heart to have to write in such a strain, but, alas and alack! 'tis so.

Some resolutions, I suppose, are really kept. Billy Bunter, for instance, makes the same resolution 'year in and year out. He resolves to eat more, cadge more, and be a bigger pig in every way. There is no one who can honestly say that Billy Bunter does not keep to his resolutions.

On the other hand, I think it quite safe to say that Horace Coker resolves to make the Remove fat for him. He resolves—that is as far as it gets. He has no more hope of ever seeing that resolution carried out than Loder has of gaining the respect and liking of a decent fellow.

So we can safely put "resolutions" in two categories—the first, those that can and will be carried out, and, secondly, those that cannot and will never be carried out. I will proceed to give you a few examples under category 1.

Bob Cherry.—"I resolve to be a better boxer." That can, and most certainly will be carried out, for Bob is a determined fellow, and he will not let his head be tried.

Harry Wharton.—"To be fair in all the duties connected with my captaincy, to make a greater effort to stop bullying, and to study the Form before my own pals." Harry is the chap to do it. He can do it, and he will do it.

George Wingate.—"To give the Remove more passes, stand them a feed more every footer victory." That is a very fine resolution, and one that I can easily imagine George Wingate making. He can do it, and he will do it—perhaps!

But, under category 2, we have quite a different class. In this class we take such as Skinner, Snoop, Skel, Bunter, Loder, and, to a much lesser degree, Hazeldene—make a weak-willed chap with plenty of good in him, if only it finds the light. Thus:

Harold Skinner.—"To be decent to all my fellows, to stop sneaking, and to be an example to the Form I belong to." Now, that is the use of a resolution of that kind from Skinner! He's a toad, and a toad can't change his Sunday waistcoat. He'd be decent for ten minutes of the New Year, and then—pop goes his resolution!

Sidney Snoop.—"To break away from Skinner, and seek the friendship of Alonzo Todd, who will show me the error of my ways." Now that's just as good as any resolution. One word from Skinner that he had "got a certainty" for a race, and—off goes Snoop! Even Lonzy couldn't save him.

Gerald Loder.—"To let the smallest fags alone, and confine my bullying attentions to those who are in a nice fight with the master." Rot! Sheer, unadulterated pilfer! Loder would start very well by standing a kid a bottle of ginger-pop in the tuckshop—and then he'd kick the fag all the way down the stairs because he was a minute late getting his tea!

No, as I said, I fear me that resolutions are made only to be broken. I heartily commend to Skinner, Snoop, and Loder the resolutions I have mapped out for them, but I know that the chaps would fall in the end.

If any chap wants to make a resolution, let him do so when he knows that he is in a position to carry it out.

What is my resolution for this year? To stop trying to be funny, and write only "straight" articles. To read only books like "Eric," and to avoid all papers which make me laugh, in case I pass on the jokes.

(Editorial Note.—When Tom Brown delivered this article, he took away a copy of "Chuckles." So much for his resolution!—H. W.)

## THE NEW YEAR POST!

(Several fellows were asked what kind of letter they would like to receive by the first post on New Year's Day, and the following are their replies.—Ed.)

ALONZO TODD:

"My Dear Alonzo,—I am extremely pleased to be in a position to inform you that there is no further need to worry about the unfortunate pyjamaless natives of Fiji. A fund has been invested sufficient to buy two thousand pairs of pyjamas every week of the forthcoming year—a really splendid start to 1923!

"Your affectionate,  
"UNCLE BENJAMIN."

BOB CHERRY:

"Dear Robert,—I have obtained permission from Dr. Locke to supply you with five tickets for every big boxing match in the forthcoming year. They will come along in good time before each big fight, and I hope you or your friends will enjoy the trips associated with the matches.

"Your affectionate father,  
"R. CHERRY, MAJ."

TOM BROWN.

"Dear Thomas,—I have heard from a friend a good number of new stories and jokes. I shall be sending them along to you very soon, when I hope you will be able to use them for your school paper. If there are any funds attached to their use, so much the better for you!

"Cheerily,  
"Your cousin,  
"ANDREW."

SIDNEY JAMES SNOOP.

"Dear Sidney,—I have decided to start a banking account for you, and to send you a cheque every month to settle all your debts. I am sure you will benefit a great deal by being freed from the worry generally associated with being hangered by creditors.

"Your father,  
"JAMES SIDNEY SNOOP."

HORACE COKER.

"My Darling, Noble, Clever Horace,—Dear, dear boy of mine, I want to start the New Year well, so I am sending you two ten-pound notes instead of one. This year, sweet Horace, I hope you will shake off the greedy attentions of your so-called friends, and spend a little more on chest-protectors instead of in Tuck's shop.

"Your adoring,  
"ARTHUR JUDY."

(This does not appear to be exactly as Horace put it. I accept no responsibility for the alterations!—Ed.)

FINE TREAT  
FOR NEXT  
WEEK  
YOU FELLOWS

A  
"SPECIAL  
PARODY  
NUMBER."

"All the fun of the fair!" Read the jolly old "Herald" every week!



**THE JAP OF GREYFRIARS!**

(Continued from pag 12.)

raising hard that day, and not a few had suffered severe bumps and bruises. They hounded after Okito in a yelling pack.

Okito scudded round the quadrangle, with Harry Wharton & Co. at his heels. He looked round wildly, and made for the school domestic quarters. His little eyes were glinting with an idea, for he had seen an open coalhole in the offing, through which two begrimed coalheavers were laboriously emptying coal into the cellars beneath. It was a very small size in coalholes, and the coalmen were finding it rather a difficult task to get the coal through.

They fell back in amazement when the tiny figure of the Jap junior scuttled up, with a whole horde of yelling schoolboys behind.

"Hold him!" sang out Bob Cherry lustily. "Nab the little beggar!"

But Okito dodged the coals, and next minute was gone—through the coalhole!

"Mum—my hat!" gasped Bob, halting, with the others, by the open hole through which the diminutive form of Okito had disappeared. "He—he's gone down there! As if any human person could get through a hole like that!"

"It's a blinkin' knock-out, young gents!" said one of the burly coalheavers, scratching his head. "That kid must be like a snake. Why, the hole's hardly more'n a foot wide! Larnme!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gasped. They blinked at each other, baffled. Then the humour of the situation dawned upon them, and they burst out laughing.

"Well, if this doesn't beat the land!" gasped Harry Wharton. "We'll never find Okito now! He's down in the coal cellar somewhere. Hope he finds his way out all right, anyway!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove players returned to Little Side, laughing, and the scratch match was resumed. Treuce taking back his old place he had surrendered to Okito.

**THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.**

**An Amazing Mystery!**

"WHO says a run round the quad?" asked Bob Cherry, in a cheery voice, looking in at Study No. 1 in the Remove passage that evening.

Prep was over, but Bob was rather surprised to see Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull seated at the table busily writing.

Grant! Grunt! came from Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull respectively.

"Busy?" inquired Bob.

Frank Nugent gave an impatient snort. "Yes, we are busy!" he snapped. "Johnny and I are writing lines for Loder! The rotter wants 'em by bedtime. Buzz off, Bob! We don't want any silly duffers jawing around us!"

"Keep your wool on, old son!" grinned Bob cheerfully. "What about you, Harry?"

"Oh, I'm writing an Editorial for the 'Herald,'" said Harry Wharton, looking up, with a laugh. "I'll have a trot round the quad with you, Bob, just for a liven'er."

The Remove captain put on his cap, threw a scarf round his neck, and left the study with Bob. They left Nugent

and Johnny Bull still grunting and writing savagely.

It was a splendid night for a run round the quadrangle. The air was cold and crisp, and the trot in the darkness sent the warm blood coursing joyously through their veins.

Suddenly, as they were padding along near the School House wall, Bob Cherry gave a roar and collided with a rope that was stretched right across their path—invisible to the runners in the darkness. Bob's fiendish yell rang out on the night air as he fell over heavily.

"You-ow! Look out, Harry!"

But the warning came too late. Next minute Wharton also latched into the rope and went staggering forward. He found himself the next minute on the cold, hard ground with Bob. They struggled together, and shouted, thinking that it was an absurd practical joke. But a moment later they smelt a sickly odour that got up their nostrils and made their senses reel.

Harry Wharton, with a choking cry, tried to rise, but sank back again and fell like a log beside the motionless figure of his chum.

The two Removeites recovered their senses almost simultaneously. They sat up, feeling nauseated, and looked round them wildly. It was still pitch black in the school quad.

"Are you there, Bob?" cried Wharton. "Yes, Harry," came Bob's husky voice, close at hand. "I—I believe I've been drugged. Have you been to sleep, too?"

"Yes I have!" replied the Remove captain grimly. They struggled to their feet. "I believe it was chloroform—that sickly smell was unmistakable. Somebody laid a trap for us and then drugged us. How do you feel?"

"I feel all right now," replied Bob, with a short laugh. "But what the dickens does it mean? Surely it must be a joke of some sort!"

"I hope so!" said Wharton, between his teeth. "Let's have a look!"

He struck some matches and they looked about. There was no trace of anything or anybody to be seen in the darkness. Even the rope was gone.

They searched in their pockets and made certain that they had not been robbed.

**Don't miss this treat, Boys!**



6/- Here you are, Boys! "The Holiday Annual" is the jolly-pleasant you can't have. It is packed with school and adventure stories, pictures, and coloured plates, and you will enjoy every line of it. Just drop the hint that the present you want this year is "The Holiday Annual."

Look out for this story—"The New Boy's Secret!"—next week!

Sounds of running footsteps came to their ears, and a few minutes later Vernon-Smith and Peter Todd hurried up. "My hat! So it's you!" gasped Peter, blinking at Wharton and Cherry in the light of a pocket torch that he carried. "We heard yells coming from this direction, and then saw you striking matches, so we came along to see what was up."

"How long ago was it you heard us yell?" asked Wharton quickly.

"About three or four minutes, I should say," replied the Bounder.

"Did you—did you see anybody running away from here?"

"No, we've seen nobody, nor heard anybody," replied Smithy, in perplexity. "But what in thunder is the matter with you two? You're as white as sheets! Have you been seeing ghosts?"

"No fear!" said Wharton, with a laugh. "We've been attacked in the dark and drugged!"

"Eh?"

"What's that?"

"Honest Injun!" said Harry Wharton earnestly. "Isn't that true, Bob?" Bob nodded vigorously.

They then told Vernon-Smith and Todd of their amazing experience.

The two other Removeites gasped.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Peter Todd faintly. "If anybody else had told me that yarn I should have said they were romancing. But your yarn rings true. Besides, there were two of you. My hat! Smithy, what do you make of it?"

"Let's have a hunt round," said the Bounder quietly. "We may be able to pick up a clue or something."

They hunted all about the spot by the light of the pocket torch, but there was no clue to be found of their mysterious assailant or assailants, or of the motive for the attack in the dark.

The Bounder gave a sudden low exclamation.

"Look here, you chaps!"

They hurried over to the spot where Vernon Smith was standing. He pointed to a portion of the brick wall about two feet from the ground, on which he was focusing his light.

"See those funny scratches on the bricks?" he said. "It looks as though a cat or a dog has been clawing at the wall."

"My hat! Rather!" exclaimed Wharton, looking at the mysterious marks. "I wonder what they are. Do you think they have anything to do with this affair?"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "They might have," he said evenly. "They appear to be freshly made. Besides, what can they mean, anyway? These marks look jolly fishy to me. Let me see, that's the Head's window just above us, isn't it?"

Harry Wharton nodded.

The Removeites at length had to give up hope of finding out anything tangible. They could offer no explanation for the strange marks on the wall. Their story, when it was told in the school, created a great deal of sensation. Many fellows openly scoffed and ridiculed the yarn. Even Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull, when they heard it, said that it was rather "tall," and Inky was heard to murmur that "the tallfulness was terrific."

But Harry and Bob knew that they had not been dreaming, although it seemed like a dream. Nobody in the school seemed to know anything about it. They questioned everybody. What did that strange attack in the dark

mean? Who had put the rope there and dragged them, and what was the motive? Those questions raced persistently through their minds in bed that night.

The more they thought about it, the more obscure the answer to the problem became, so at last they gave it up and fell into an uneasy sleep.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Another Mystery Unsolved!

"A BOUT that red box of young Okito's," said Skinner, as he strolled through the cloisters with Snoop and Stott the next day. "All the kids in the Second are talking about it. Okito won't let anybody know what's inside it, and he guards it as though it were full of gold and precious stones. There's a mystery about that box I'd like to get to the bottom of."

"Rather!" said Stott.

"What-ho!" grinned Sidney James Snoop. "I reckon there's something fishy inside Okito's box. How do you propose to get at it, Skinner?"

"That's just what I was coming to!" grinned the cad of the Remove. "This evening, while the Second are at prep, we can get up to their dormitory and get the box open. It's got a funny sort of Eastern design—I've already had a look at it. But that's easily settled. Wun Lung says he understands how to open those locks, and he'll come up with us to work the oracle."

Skinner's two cronies chuckled, and they strolled away still discussing their plan to solve the mystery of Okito's red box that evening.

They did not know that a tiny figure had been lurking among the old arches near at hand. Skinner & Co. walked away in blissful ignorance that Okito himself had overheard their conversation, and that the little Jap junior was also chuckling softly to himself.

The day wore on, and evening came. Skinner & Co. hurried over their prep, and stole up to the Second Form dormitory. Wun Lung, the Chinese Removee, was with them.

There was no love lost between Wun Lung and Okito, although the two Celestials were not exactly on bad terms. But Wun Lung had all the inherent curiosity of his race, and Skinner and Co. had so got him interested in Okito's mysterious box that he was as eager to probe its secrets as they themselves.

"Quietly does the trick!" murmured Skinner, as they stole softly into the dormitory. "Good egg! The coast is clear. There's the box, standing by that young blighter's bed!"

The three young rascals and Wun Lung grinned, and closed the dormitory door.

Skinner hauled the red box into the middle of the room.

"Fire ahead, Wun Lung!" grinned Skinner. "Do you think you can manage the lock?"

"Velly easy," grinned Wun Lung. "Pickee lock with wire—lookkee!"

Skinner & Co. watched Wun Lung eagerly as the little Celestial worked deftly at the lock of the mysterious red box.

At length there was a click, and Wun Lung gave a chuckle. He had picked the lock!

"Good egg!" chortled Skinner, diving forward. "Now we'll see what secret that Jap kid's been keeping."

The cad of the Remove grasped the lid of the box and raised it. There was a fierce scurrying noise inside, and a number of shrill squeals. Before Skinner quite knew what was happening a myriad of tiny creatures came leaping out of the box.

"Helpee!" shrieked Wun Lung, falling over in terror. "Lats!"

"Rats!" howled Stott in a panic.

"The box is full of rats!"

The rats came pouring out of the box in a miniature army. The box must have been practically full of them. Skinner and Co. bolted for the door, but Snoop couldn't get it open. There was a soft footstep outside, and a chuckle. Okito, having got away from the Form-room on some pretext, had locked them in!

"Helpee!" screamed Wun Lung, who was lying on the floor with the rats running all over him. "Me bitten! Lats killee poor Chinee! Ooooh!"

I say, you fellows—  
tell your pals there  
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\*\*\*\*\*

Keep your eyes open!

"Help!" bawled Skinner frenziedly. The Second Form dormitory was full of rats. They scurried about all over the floor, and Skinner & Co. had to keep hopping and leaping out of the way of the loathsome rodents.

"Oh, dear! This is awful!" moaned Skinner. "Some of these rats are as big as kittens, and they do say that rat-attack human beings. Groooogh! Yah! There's one running up my leg!"

Skinner danced and kicked wildly.

Stott and Snoop beat wildly at the door. The commotion they made brought a startled crowd up-stairs. Wingate and North, of the Sixth, dashed to the door of the Second Form dormitory, and Harry Wharton & Co. and a pack of Removees followed close behind.

Crash! Bang! Stamp! Bang! came from within.

Skinner & Co. had dragged pillows from the beds and were dashing about the dormitory, desperately beating off the scurrying rats.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Wingate. "Whatever is the row in there?"

"Rescue!" came Skinner's howling voice from within. "The place is alive with rats, and we're locked in! Groooooogh!"

"Great pip!"

The key had been left in the lock outside, and Wingate opened the door. Next minute a flotilla of rats scurried out and ran between the feet of the waiting juniors.

"Yarooooogh!"

"Yah! Groooogh!"

"Look out! Rats!"

There was a wild stampede, and the juniors howled and clutched each other in horror and confusion. Skinner and Co. and Wun Lung came dashing out of the dormitory, their faces ashen pale. They had had the scare of their lives.

Squeal! Squeal! Squeal!

The rats made off down the passage in a small army, and Harry Wharton & Co., having recovered from the first shock of the loathsome creatures, drove them off.

The rats quickly disappeared; but excitement reigned supreme.

Dicky Nugent & Co., released from prep, came up in a startled horde.

Skinner & Co. were surrounded.

"What does this mean, Skinner?" demanded Wingate grimly. "What are you doing up here, for one thing? And where did those rats come from?"

"Out of Okito's box," muttered Skinner. "We—we came up here to open it—"

"Great Scott! You little rascals!"

"Wun Lung opened it," said the end of the Remove desperately. "He fetched us up here to see what was inside the box—"

"You tellie lies, Skinner!" cried Wun Lung. "You a-kee me to open box. Me open it and lats come out—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the onlookers.

Wingate looked amazed.

"Do you mean to say that that box of Okito's was full of rats?" he demanded.

"Yes—the horrible beasts were simply packed in there!" muttered Skinner. "We've been tricked! Somebody locked the door—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Here's Okito. This way, kid!"

Okito came forward, smiling all over his round face.

"Have you been keeping live rats in this box, Okito?" demanded the Greyfriars captain sternly.

"No keep rats in there long," said Okito, shaking his head. "Me heard those count-able sons of serpents plot to open my box. So me put rats in there little while ago to give them shock-see!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where on earth did you get the rats from, you little rascal?" demanded Wingate.

"From school cellars!" grinned Okito. "Plenty rats down there. Me go down after tea and catch 'em, then put 'em in box."

"Great Scott!"

Harry Wharton & Co. and the rest of the onlookers yelled. Skinner & Co. ground their teeth. Their knees began to knock, when Wingate turned to them.

"I'm dashed if I blame Okito for preparing that surprise for you, you young sweepers!" he exclaimed angrily. "You

Chapters of thrills in next week's rousing long school tale!

had no right to come up here to interfere with his box. Okito, you must not do such a thing again. Do you hear?"

"Me hear!" grinned Okito. "Me no more catch rats. Nasty things—ugh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come with me, you four!" said Wingate, turning away.

Skinner, Snoop, Stott, and Wun Lung followed the captain to his study; and wild yells, coming from inside there a few minutes afterwards, told that Skinner & Co. were paying still further for their curiosity.

And the secret of Okito's box remained as deep as ever.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### The Truth Comes Out!

**BOOM!**

The last stroke of eleven tolled on the night air from the ancient clock tower at Greyfriars. The whole school was wrapped in slumber. In the Remove dormitory all was dark and still as death, except for the occasional interruption of Billy Bunter's unattractive snore that rang out like a tug siren in the gloom.

"You chaps awake?" asked Harry Wharton, sitting up in bed a few minutes later and speaking very cautiously.

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry through the darkness.

"I'm awake!" said Frank Nugent.

"The wakefulness of my august self is terrific!" murmured Inky from his bed.

Johnny Ball was slumbering, but Wharton and Bob Cherry soon roused him. Wharton turned out with a grunt.

The Famous Five hurriedly dressed in the dark, and with their boots slung across their shoulders they crept noiselessly from the dorm.

They were out to work a little joke on Loder that night. Gerald Loder of the Sixth was going on one of his midnight jaunts to the Cross Keys at Friarale, by the River Sark. Harry Wharton had accidentally overheard Loder give the information to Walker, his special crony and confidant. Walker would have accompanied him, only that he was out of funds; and those little night "flutters" in the more or less salubrious society of Mr. Cobb, and the rest of the sporting company at the Cross Keys, were often rather expensive. And Walker already owed Cobb quite a considerable sum.

Loder that day had caught them playing football in the Remove passage. The football, in fact, had caught Loder—right on his chin as he turned the corner. Mr. Quelch was away, but Loder had promised to make it hot for Harry Wharton & Co. when the Remove master returned in the morning.

It was Saturday next day, and the Greyfriars Remove were playing Dix & Trumper & Co. of Courtfield. They knew what to expect if Loder went to Mr. Quelch with his greatly heightened tale of woe. They would be detained that afternoon, and the match would have to be called off. They had worried considerably over it all the evening, until Harry Wharton, in seeking out Loder to crave his pardon, had overheard his conversation with Walker. That had given the Remove captain an idea. They would stalk Loder that night and capture him in the Friarale Lane. Then they would threaten him with exposure unless he promised not to say a word to Mr. Quelch in the morning. Such a plan was not savoury to Harry Wharton & Co.

They would much rather have let Loder alone, and left him to make a rope for his own neck, but under the circumstances they felt they were justified in bluffing him. They would not have sneaked on Loder, of course. But Loder would not think of that.

"Mind your nose, Frank!" murmured Bob Cherry as they climbed down from the lower box-room window. "I'm coming after you, and—yow! Who kicked my napper?"

"Sorry, Bob!" grinned Johnny Bull softly. "You should hurry up, you know, and not jaw so much!"

"Look here—"

"Shush-sh!" hissed Wharton. "Loder may spot us before he leaves the school, and then matters will be worse for us instead of better!"

The Famous Five gained the quadrangle and waited in the shadows of the cloisters. Loder's window opened, and the rascally prefect climbed down to the quad.

He let himself out by the side gate and, with his hands thrust deeply into his overcoat pockets, and keeping his chin well down, he set out at a sharp pace for Friarale.

Harry Wharton & Co., moving silently like ghosts, clambered over the school wall by the old oak and followed in the dark.

They intended letting Loder get well away from Greyfriars before they waylaid him.

The night was pitch-black, and thick banks of heavy cloud, rolling up from the North Sea, obscured the moon. But that was all to the advantage of the Remove marauders.

They had passed the crossroads, and were hurrying on in Loder's wake towards the village, when all of a sudden a loud cry rang out on the night air from the road ahead, and just as Harry Wharton & Co. started forward a huge car, with headlights dimmed almost to vanishing point, tore round the bend at terrific speed and whirled away into the night.

Harry Wharton & Co. had to jump back quickly on to the grass bank, otherwise the car would have run them down.

"The mad idiot!" gasped Bob Cherry. "The chap at the wheel ought to be locked up for driving at such a rate in the dark without proper headlights and without sounding his horn. My hat, I wonder what that cry was?"

"The car ran somebody down, I expect," said Wharton between his teeth. "Come on!"

They hurried round the bend and saw a figure lying prone in the road. When they came up they were amazed and horrified to see that it was Loder. The prefect was gasping with pain. He looked up fearfully at the juniors and started back.

"Good heavens!" he muttered. "You—you've been spying on me!"

"Never mind that now, Loder," said Wharton. "What's the matter? Are you seriously hurt?"

"I—I don't know!" gasped Loder. "That car ran me down without warning, but it didn't go over me. I dodged just in time, but the running-board caught my leg. Groooogh! I can hardly walk!"

They helped him up, and then Johnny Bull saw a light at the door of a



Skinner raised the lid of the box and there was a fierce scurrying inside and a number of shrill squeaks. Before he quite knew what was happening, a myriad of nimble creatures came leaping out of the box. "Rats!" howled Stott. "The box is full of rats!" (See Chapter 8.)

The famous fat schoolboy, Billy Bunter, again next week! He will make you roar!

farmhouse near by. The inmates, who happened to be sitting up, had heard the car pass and Loder's yell, and had come out to see what had happened.

The Removites took Loder into the cottage, and there they discovered that the prefect was not seriously hurt. His leg and hip were bruised, and in order to walk he had to be helped along.

"Get me back to bed without arousing anybody, and I—I won't say anything about this evening's business to Mr. Quelch, you kids," he muttered, and she staggered back towards Greyfriars leaning heavily on Bob Cherry's arm. "I suppose that's what you followed me for."

"Yes, it was," replied Wharton grimly. "All serene, Loder; we don't want to make a fuss."

It was a slow walk back to Greyfriars. As they came up to the school wall, Harry Wharton, peering ahead, gave a low exclamation of amazement.

"My hat! There's the car that ran Loder down—drawn up outside the school!"

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Nugent. "So it is!"

The large bulk of a car was seen in the darkness ahead, drawn up by the school wall. Its headlights were shut off.

Harry Wharton set his teeth hard. "This looks to me like mischief of some sort!" he muttered. "Look! A couple of men are getting over the wall from the roof of the car! Keep back, you chaps. Get Loder in through the side gate, Bob, and leave it open. Frank, Inky, and Johnny, come with me, and for goodness' sake don't make a row!"

They crept up to the car, and as they drew closer Wharton gave a start.

"It's the limousine that fetched young Okito to the school!" he said swiftly. "Don't you chaps recognise it?"

"Rather!" muttered Nugent, his pulses beating rapidly with excitement. "It's the car belonging to Okito's uncle—or his supposed uncle. And look, Harry—there's a Japanese chauffeur mounting guard!"

A burly, evil-eyed Japanese was looking up and down the road, evidently keeping a sharp look-out. The Removites drew back in the shadows, and Wharton led his chums back to the side gate.

They met Bob Cherry and Loder there, and told them what they had discovered. Bob gasped with amazement.

"Those Japs are up to no good, Harry. Maybe this business has some connection with that trap that was laid for us yesterday evening. Perhaps they're going to kidnap Okito."

"They'd hardly do that, as they brought him here in the first place," said Harry Wharton. "But still, it's impossible to tell, yet. They may be up to anything. Japs are a crafty lot of beggars, and— Oh, my hat! What's that?"

He pointed to a mysterious, darting blue flame that suddenly flickered in the darkness in the distance, by the school building. About the flames they could see mysterious figures moving about like wraiths. It was an eerie scene, and the Removites shuddered, in spite of themselves.

"You'd better leave us to fathom this out, Loder," said Wharton grimly. "You can do nothing, with your leg like it is. Stay here, and don't make a noise. We'll go and see what those Japs are up to over there, with the blue flame."

The Famous Five, quivering with excitement, crept across the quadrangle in the darkness. They made their way

towards the mysterious blue flame. To their surprise, they eventually saw that it was burning at the same spot where they had fallen into the trap the previous night. Two Japanese were there. They were doing something to the brickwork underneath the Head's window.

"My hat!" muttered Bob Cherry, as they drew closer and were able to see more clearly. "The yellow devils! They've cut a hole clean through the wall with that flame!"

They peered in the darkness, and saw that what Bob said was correct. The Japs had cut a narrow passage into the wall. The hole was scarcely more than a foot across. At first Harry Wharton and his chums jumped to the conclusion that they were going to use that channel as a means of getting into the Head's study. But then, it was impossible for anybody to get down that narrow hole.

A tiny figure fitted out of the darkness and joined the men.

"Okito!" muttered Johnny Bull.

The little Jap junior seemed to cringe before the other two, as if in mortal fear of them. Swift, hoarse sentences in Japanese were passed between them, and then, to the watching Removites' amazement, Okito stripped off his coat, and

and use 'em as weapons. These two and Okito should be easy to tackle, then!"

"Good egg!"

They crept away swiftly and silently in the darkness, and armed themselves with stout wooden staves from the woodshed. They came back again, and saw that the Japs were still there, bending down by the hole and muttering softly to the little Jap boy, who was up the hole in the wall.

"Now!" muttered Wharton, gritting his teeth.

The Famous Five made a sudden rush, the staves whirling down like flails. They were desperate, and did not care how much they hurt the Japanese marauders. The two men started to their feet with gutteral cries in their native tongue, but the plucky Removites were upon them next minute.

Bob Cherry brought his staff crashing down on the bullet-like cranium of the man nearest him. The yellow rascal gave a moan and sank down, half stunned. A blow came on him, ready to deliver another blow as soon as he recovered his wits. Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent were seeing to the other man. He tried to wrestle with them, and did hurt Nugent away; but next minute Johnny Bull's wooden weapon struck the ruffian on the back of the neck, and it felled him like a log.

"We've got 'em now, Harry!" chirped Bob Cherry. "That's it, Franky—got young Okito out!"

Frank Nugent had hold of Okito's legs, that were kicking wildly. Harry Wharton lent a hand, and they dragged him out of the hole, and gave him no chance to practise his jiu-jitsu. The other two men, still dazed and aching, were made prisoners. The Removites tied them up with their own neckties, finding that they made splendid bonds.

Out of the darkness loomed another figure—it was the Jap who had been mounting guard by the motor-car outside. Harry Wharton & Co. attacked him, and the fight was still in progress when Inky arrived, with Wingate and a number of prefects at his heels, armed with pokers and all manner of weapons.

The Japs were outnumbered and taken prisoners. Okito, now shrivelled with fear and whimpering, was held between Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry.

"Good heavens!" Dr. Locke came striding upon the scene in his dressing-gown. "What does this disturbance mean? Who are these foreigners?"

"We don't know yet, sir," said Harry Wharton. "But we'll soon find out. The answer will be found in your study, I reckon!"

Loder, during the excitement, managed to crawl indoors and seek the sanctuary of his bed. By this time all Greyfriars was aroused.

The Head and Wingate & Co. went away, and made a startling discovery. Dr. Locke opened his safe to see that the contents were intact, and found that a square hole had been cut in the back of the safe by means of the instrument that Okito had taken up the hole in the wall. That hole led direct from the quadrangle to the back of the safe.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Wingate. "Then the explanation, sir, is simple. These rascals sent Okito here to prepare for this—to mark the spot where the hole should be cut. Then, when the hole was cut, the plan was to send Okito with this instrument to cut through the back of the safe, and hand them out the valuables it contained. What a cunning scheme!"

"You are right, Wingate!" said the Head quietly. "Had it not been for

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taking a small steel instrument from one of the others, he slithered like a rabbit into the hole that had been cut in the brickwork.

"Good heavens!" muttered Wharton, clenching his fists tightly. "Then that's the rascals' wheeze! They cut the hole for Okito to get through. Only Okito could get through such a small hole. What's he up to now, I wonder?"

A faint humming noise came from a small apparatus one of the Japanese carried in his hand. It was no instrument of some kind, and high tension wires were leading from it into the hole through which Okito had crawled. Harry Wharton remembered that the mysterious instrument which the Jap boy had carried in with him also had wires attached to it.

"They're after robbing the Head's safe!" muttered Johnny Bull. "Though I can't understand why the rascals want to do it that way. They could get in at the window, and—"

"We've got to stop them!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "Chaps, I've got an idea. In the woodshed are a number of wooden staves that Gosling is using to put up a new fence. We can get those

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Wharton and the others, these foreign rascals would have robbed Greyfriars of all its treasures, and I don't suppose we should ever have traced them."

Next morning Inspector Haynes, of Courtfield, arrived, and towards midday the full story was told.

The Japs were a gang of expert thieves who had been operating in every town in England. Their methods were to utilise the boy, whom they had got into their power by terrorising him, to get through holes that no other human being could get through, and thus effect the robberies. The apparatus they used was a cunning contrivance which used a secret violet ray capable of eating through thickest steel as though it were cardboard. The Japs had heard of the famous treasures of Greyfriars that Dr. Locke had had fabulous offers for, but refused to part with. They had formulated this plan to rob the school of the valuables and get rid of them on the Continent.

The mystery of the red trunk was soon explained. It was found that Okito had been hiding in it a marvellous "steel sensing" apparatus which enabled him to detect, from outside, that part of the wall against which the safe stood. It also contained a cutting apparatus for him to mark secretly the spot and cut through the brickwork silently and quickly, and a substance which, when put over the cut part, looked like cement, and thus made detection almost impossible.

The Japs were arrested, and Okito taken care of by the inspector.

A few days later Dr. Locke called Harry Wharton into his room and had a long talk with him. Wharton's chum waited eagerly to know what the news was. They knew that it was concerning Okito. The little Jap boy, although he had come to Greyfriars under false pretences, had been well liked by the boys, and they did not rank him with the other members of the gang, for it had been made quite clear to them that Okito had been forced to play the part of traitor, that he had not been a willing accomplice to his countrymen's crimes.

"It's all serene, chaps!" grinned Harry Wharton, when they were back in Study No. 1. "The Head says that Okito is quite cleared from blame, that the authorities are taking no action against him."

"Oh, good!" said Bob Cherry in great relief.

"It was Okito who pulled that rope across our path that night," went on the Remove captain, with a grin. "He was at work on the wall, and, hearing us coming, laid that trap for us. He didn't want us to see what he was up to. The others had provided him with chloroform, thinking that maybe he'd have need to use it. He gave us a whiff of it, and by the time we recovered he had covered up his tracks and made off."

"Whew!"

"Still, we don't bear any grudge against Okito for that," said Wharton. "He was a funny little chap, and I'm glad he's come to no harm. The authorities have sent him back to Japan in safe keeping. So we shan't see him any more!"

Greyfriars heard the news with satisfaction. Only fellows like Skinner & Co. wished the little Jap boy any harm. But those fellows did not matter. On the whole, the school was sorry to have seen the last of the diminutive Second-Former who had caused such fun at Greyfriars.

The incident had provided Dr. Locke with food for serious reflection. He had charge of a quantity of very valuable plate, and it occurred to him that if the Japs had heard of it, other lawless persons might also have heard of it. There had been attempts made before to obtain possession of this valuable plate.

He dismissed the matter from his mind in the belief that for a time, at least, he had no cause for worry. There was not likely to be another attempt on the school by burglars. It was, perhaps, fortunate for his peace of mind that, like the rest of the human race, Dr. Locke could not see into the future!

THE END.

(Next week's story of Greyfriars is entitled "The New Boy's Secret!" by Frank Richards—a tale full of amazing situations and drama! Don't miss it!)

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# The Greysfriars Parliament

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## AN AMAZING SUGGESTION.

**M**R. HARRY WHARTON took the chair at the usual weekly assembly of the Greysfriars Parliament. The occasion was remarkable for several reasons. Since Mr. Coker and Mr. Bulstrode have entered the Government, several surprising changes of policy have been observed, but there is nothing special in that fact. There was astonishment, however, and not unnaturally, when it became known that a Newcastle representative advocated the abolition of the tuckshop. A motion to this effect was brought forward. A spirited debate ensued. Many members threatened to smash the Parliament if the idea were carried through. Luckily for peace, and the saner interests of reform without disturbance of public tranquillity, the suggestion had but lukewarm support from the Treasury Bench. Details follow.

The Speaker: "I propose to open the proceedings by reading a speech from Reader C. MENIN, 17, Cherryburn Gardens, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne. He says: 'I advocate that school tuckshops be abolished.'"

Several members: "What?"

The Speaker: "I believe I speak plainly. I said abolition of the tuckshops."

Mr. Bunter: "I regard the idea with despair."

Mr. S. Bunter: "Potty, I call it."

The Speaker: "Reader Menin has consulted the House."

Mr. Tom Dutton: "He has that. Can't he go and insult somebody else?"

The Speaker: "I said consult—not insult."

Mr. Bunter: "Dutton's hit it, anyhow. It's a blinking insult."

The Speaker: "'Blinking' is an unparliamentary term. I have had on previous occasions to admonish the Pufftown Member. I trust he will be satisfied with more guarded language."

Mr. Bunter: "You come off it, Wharton, old top. You think no end of yourself, of course, as skinner of the Remo, and Speaker, but you weren't such great potatoes in the Congo. It was I who had to tell old Ca-ro to go and chop chips."

The Speaker: "Mr. Bunter is introducing subjects which are not germane to the issue."

Mr. Bunter: "I should jolly well think I am. Nothing German about me."

The Speaker: "Should tuckshops be shut up?"

Mr. George Tubb: "If you put the ky-balls on the tuckshop, there will be such a jolly old rumpus in Greysfriars as will make the little tiff up at St. Jim's a mere kid's fight in the nursery."

Mr. Bunter: "I have nothing to say about St. Jim's. I would like to tip a sack of coals on any blighter who talks about closing my tuckshop."

Mr. Bob Cherry: "It isn't yours, porpoise. You owe it a bit. If the Greysfriars tuckshop is closed it will be because Bunter has not paid his bills."

Mr. Bunter: "Such a remark is beneath

my notice. If I withdrew my custom, the place would close oughterthoracatically."

Mr. Coker: "I don't think."

Mr. Bunter: "We all know you don't think. You can't. You never could. Your only aunt brought you up wrong."

Mr. Coker: "Stuffy little kid!"

Mr. Bunter: "Mr. Speaker, am I a stuffy kid?"

The Speaker: "I am set prepared to arbitrate. My duty is to read what Reader Menin says. He has sent in a statesmanlike speech."

Mr. Teddy Myers: "Cheese it!"

The Speaker: "You are going to hear the speech, whether you like it or not. Now then, Reader Menin says: 'I know the Bunter Brothers will say no to the idea, but I think that four meals a day are enough. The body of a human person requires plenty of exercise, and not more than four meals a day. Billy Bunter eats a lot of dainty pastries, but they are no good. I want also to refer to Lord Manleverer, who is a lazy slacker and too fond of good things.'"

There was a frightful scene when the Speaker ceased reading. At least two score members were on their feet. A rush was made for the mace, but the Speaker withdrew the article in time, and Mr. Coker, who had grabbed it—It is believed with the idea of catching Mr. Bunter a whack with it—was restrained.

The Speaker with difficulty making himself heard above the din: "I appeal to the prefects who are present to assist the chair in restoring order. This disturbance cannot continue. The honour of Greysfriars is at stake."

Mr. Tom Dutton: "It isn't steaks—it's pastries. Silly fatheads!"

It was noticed from the reporters' gallery that Messrs. Winczate, Walker, and Carne crossed the floor of the House, and Mr. Winczate spoke severely to Mr. Gatty, who was executing a sort of waltz in front of Bunter. Eventually there was some show of order.

Lord Manleverer: "I s'pose I'd better say what I think. All very well for Reader Menin to say things about me, but he is only speaking from hearsay. I may patronise the tuckshop or I may not. That's nobody's affair but my own."

The Speaker: "I am always against personalities. But as Mr. Bunter has spoken in severe terms of the suggested reform, I hope he will favour the House with his opinion."

Mr. Bunter: "Rats!"

The Speaker: "Am I to understand that Mr. Bunter says 'Rats' to the chair?"

Mr. Bunter: "No, you burbling chump."

The Speaker: "I call upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove the Member for Pufftown."

Mr. Bunter: "Oh, all right. I apologise! I didn't mean it. I am suffocated and—"

Mr. Potter: "You've eaten too much."

Mr. Bunter: "Tain't true. I am crimson with indignation. I don't know how to express myself. If the tuckshop

were closed, where could I change my post-orders?" (Laughter.) "I consider the idea a wicked one. It should be suppressed at once. The tuckshop is the Coliseum of British liberties."

Mr. Nugent: "You mean the Palladium?"

Mr. Bunter: "I knew it was one of those places. All I've got to say is that if the tuckshop is closed, I shall shake the dust of Greysfriars off my feet."

The Nabob of Bhanipur: "Then we should closefully shut up the esteemed tuck shop."

The Speaker: "Mr. Bunter has stated his views—with more heat than necessary."

Mr. Tom Dutton: "Bunter can eat anything."

The interruption passed unheeded.

The Speaker: "I will put the matter to the vote."

It was noticed that Mr. Bunter rolled towards the eye lobby, but his noisier caught him in time. The figures were: For the school tuckshops, 1. (It was Abner Todd who stood out for the reform.) Against, 100.

Mr. Speaker: "The suggested reform has been negatived in no uncertain manner."

Mr. Peter Todd: "You needn't call it a reform. It was only in Bunter's interests."

Mr. Speaker: "What I have said, I have said. I will now read a few remarks from Reader E. H. WESTERS, Trinity Rise, Tulse Hill, London, S.W.2, on conjuring."

"I should like to bring before the House a few words about conjuring. Conjuring, to my mind, is a fairly inexpensive hobby. You can get quite a good set for about 5s. You should shut yourself up in a room alone and study the tricks. If possible, have a friend who could act as an audience when practising; he could tell you what he can see from the other side, the audience are going to sit, so that you do not show what should not be seen. I should like to give just a few hints, which should be remembered when performing. Never have the light coming from behind, and do not have a light which is too brilliant. It is pleasant to hear a gasp from the astounded audience when you have just performed a good trick."

Mr. Wibley: "I have done a good deal of conjuring in my time, and I consider the advice given excellent."

Mr. Peter Todd: "I wish Bunter was not so fond of conjuring. The way he does the disappearing jam-dart trick in our study would make a crocodile weep."

Mr. Bunter: "Always the same old rheeze—trying to make out that I am keen on food. Why, I scarcely ever fancy anything; my appetite is going fast."

Mr. Percy Kipps: "Poor fellow! If time allowed I would say something about legerdemain, but it doesn't. Still, I'm glad Bunter makes no claim to being a conjurer. As the poet said: 'Winter or summer, rain or shine, The hunter bird's beyond the line.'"

(Continued on page 23.)

Other readers have won! Why not you? Full particulars, see page 2!



**Greyfriars Parliament.—(Continued from previous page.)**

Mr. Bunter: "It isn't funny. Klipsk thinks it is something in the hanky-panky line, but if it comes to finding rabbits in silk hats—well, I am the man. Why, I can conjure anything!"

Mr. Frank Nugent: "Except post-oculars!"

Mr. Hunter: "Conjuring is an art. You don't use it to make money with. Shoots of decision greeted this remark."

Mr. Bunter was rising again, but the Speaker waved him back.

Mr. Hunter: "But I want to tell you fellows how to conjure."

Mr. Mark Linley: "We know all about your conjuring, thank you!"

The Speaker: "The matter is finished with, except for a compliment to Reader Weisters. It is now my pleasant duty to read a short speech from Reader T. J. McGAURAN, Gortahill, Blacklion, co. Cavan, Ireland. It is about bows and arrows."

Mr. Percival Spencer Faget: "What about bows and arrows?"

The Speaker: "You will hear."

Mr. Bunter: "If you ask me—"

The Speaker: "Nobody is asking you."

Mr. Bunter: "But I was brought up on bows and arrows, I tell you."

Mr. Robert Ogilvy: "That's why Bunter's so keen."

Mr. Bunter: "You had better listen to me."

The Speaker: "But I am going to read the speech from the topography on the other side of the St. George's Channel."

Mr. Hunter: "You can read what the fox—just what you said—later on."

Mr. Alonzo Todd: "I remember a charming piece of poetry about bows and arrows. If my memory serves me right, it runs:

"I slug an arrow in the air,  
It fell to earth I know not where."  
That was it."

Mr. Fish: "In Nook York we don't think much of poets. Most of 'em are shot at night—and not with bows and arrows, either."

The Speaker: "Get a board."

Mr. Fish: "Do you mean a board of directors?"

The Speaker: "No, a wooden board."

Mr. Fish: "Same thing."

The Speaker: "You might listen to what the reader in Cavan says. It is a good speech. Bows, bows and arrows are all right. The arrow plays no unimportant part in the history of our country. King Harold got one in the eye. If it had not been for that arrow—well, there's positively no knowing what might have happened."

More groans!

Mr. Hunter: "Don't make this a history lesson. I hear enough about Childe Harold in class."

The Speaker: "I referred to King Harold, not Childe. I am speaking historically."

Groans!

Mr. Hunter (grumpily): "What's the odds? I s'pose he was a child once."

The Speaker: "The hon. member is trifling with the House. I was speaking of arrows. The route of the arrow has always been indelible. Hence the homely article of food for patients in sunny, known as arrowroot."

There were groans from various members.

The Speaker (obviously warming to his subject): "Then take William Tell. Remember what he did with the apple? An apple a day keeps the arrow away. Rumour holds that the late Mr. Tell lived on apples, and was a good shot in consequence."

Mr. Hunter: "If I had my way I would hoi William Tell, with the apple as sauce. I once had to learn a poem about him; it was hogwash!"

The Speaker: "If the Member for Puffinblower would only try and be serious I will tell him about the feat of the Genoese archers at the Battle of Cressy."

Mr. Hunter: "I don't want to know anything about the feet of the bowmen."

Most likely they used them to run with. I should."

The Speaker: "The martial spirit is lacking in our noble friend. It is a regrettable lacuna in his composition; but permit me to proceed. Reader McGauran says:

"Get a board two feet long, six inches wide, one inch thick, and plane and sandpaper it well. Measure eight inches from one end, and two inches from the top, and mark where your lines meet. Now cut a three-quarters of an inch hole there. Then plane or cut with a chisel a groove on the top edge of the board, taking care to smooth it well, leaving no splinters. Get a straight rod half an inch thick and about three feet long, pass it through the hole, leaving the centre of the rod in the hole so that it balances nicely. Cut two notches an inch from each end of the rod, tie a piece of string to each, leaving a bend in each, and cut a piece of wood for arrow, pointing it. Make this about six inches long, and your archery set is complete."

Mr. S. Bunter: "That's just what Billy had in the Congo."

The Speaker: "It is not usual for members to speak of each other by their pet names."

Mr. S. Bunter: "But Billy's no pet of mine!"

Mr. Bunter: "I never did; I didn't go shooting with a bow and arrow in the Congo."

The Speaker: "If the House will allow me I will read a sporting speech from Reader M. R. SPERLING, Cameron, Leek-hampton Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire. It runs:

"Get a fair-sized table, a dining-table—"

Mr. Alonzo Todd: "First catch your table—"

The Speaker: "Then build a good fortress with cards. You know how to make a card house. Join several of these houses together. One person makes a fortress one side, and another the other. Then get your counters and take it in turns to shoot at each other's fortress. The person who shoots in tiddlywinks. The person who knocks down the enemy's castle first is the winner. It gets exciting enough."

Mr. George Tubb: "I know that game. A chap and I played it last holidays, and we pretty well smashed the drawing-room. It's a good sport, but risky."

Mr. Alonzo Todd: "I dislike warlike games. My Uncle Benjamin says peace has her victories."

Mr. Johnny Bull: "Come off it! We don't want to hear. Fortresses is all right, but I know a better game than that. It's called Romulus and Remus. You play it in the garden. You build Rome—start on the bizny, anyhow—and Remus tries to lam you while you are at it. I once saw a chap named Remus nearly got drowned in the water-butt. He was really nasty about it, too, though he deserved to be quite drowned. And I did fish him out by my trousers, too. I couldn't do more."

The Speaker: "These chery little reminiscences are most attractive, but they hardly bear on the subject of playing tiddlywinks with cards and counters. The sport sounds topping. I hope many of our friends will prove good shots this season. It is just as well not to use new packs; the cards get marked."

Mr. Bull: "Marked! I should jolly well say they did! Why, when a chap I know and I played that game there wasn't a whole card left out of six new packs—and wasn't the governor waxy, too!"

Mr. S. Bunter: "Was he waxy? That's what we want to know. You ask the question; it is for you to answer."

Mr. Bull: "Dummy!"

The Speaker: "That concludes the business of the evening. Before we adjourn I should like to inform the House that Mr. Coker has been reinstated in his position as a member."

**RESULTS OF THE FOOTBALL CLUB HISTORIES COMPETITIONS.**

**SOUTHAMPTON.**

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

WILLIAM SCOTT,  
424, Parliamentary Road,  
Glagow.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been awarded to the following competitor, whose solution contained one error:

Miss R. Puttock, 87, Walnut Tree Close, Guildford.

The ten prizes of 5s. each have been divided among the following seventeen competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

F. Kennedy, 4, Fishers Vennel, Perth.; John Kennedy, 5, Fishers Vennel, Perth.; George Down, 30, Aln Street, Hebburn-on-Tyne; Harry Morgan, 27, Victoria Road, Folkestone; Ernest Bunyard, 31, Harold Road, Sittingbourne, Kent; R. A. Camp, Baddesley Park, near Chelmsford, Essex; John Cutchin, 17, Low Abidon Street, South Bank, Yorks.; R. W. McWilliams, 88, Oldham Road, Bardsley, Ashton-under-Lyke; L. Jackson, 190, Radcliffe Street, Oldham; Louise Pagan, 224, St. George's Road, Bolton; P. Broadfield, Rosebery Road, Folskott; J. Bonner, 132, St. Mary's Road, Edmondton; N. Clara Love, 29, Emure Green, Shaftesbury, Dorset; Samuel Bishop, 45, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, near Stourbridge, Staffs.; Raymond W. Kernick, 62, Ivor Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; Stanley Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; F. S. W. Wiffen, Bridge End, Bocking, Essex.

**SOLUTION:**

Southampton Football Club, like numerous other famous clubs, owed its inception to the sportsmanship of a band of youths associated with a religious institution. It began at St. Mary's Church, Southampton, and was originally called St. Mary's Football Club. The eleven made wonderful progress, and have a brilliant record.

**EVERTON.**

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £5 has therefore been divided between the following two competitors:

W. BOYD BARRIE,  
19, Barrie Terrace,  
Ardrossan;

ROBERT CARPENTER,  
5, Strickland Street,  
Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne,

whose solutions contained one error each.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided between the following two competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

Leonard Carpenter, 5, Strickland Street, Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Charles H. Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Howarth Street, Sunderland.

The ten prizes of 5s. each have been awarded to the following ten competitors, whose solutions contained three errors each:

John Hudson, 103, Queen's Crescent, Kenilworth Town, N.W. 5; Frances K. Morton, 8, Brunton Terrace, Sunderland; Arthur Diver, Jun., 55, Rutland Road, South Hackney, E. 9; Mrs. A. Barrie, 19, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; A. F. Child, 18, Barrie Terrace, Ardrossan; Arthur Wm. Diver, 55, Rutland Road, South Hackney, E. 9; James Horn, 119, High Street, Rothsay; J. Pattinson, 17, Clementine Terrace, Carlisle; Alfred Cooper, Ivy Cottage, Wordsley Green, Wordsley, near Stourbridge; Bernard Wallis, 14, Egerton Road, Bishopthorpe, Bristol.

**SOLUTION:**

The Everton club was formed a long time before it was realised that it was destined to rank as one of the finest football clubs in this country. At one period Everton was the wealthiest club in the League, in which it has generally gained a prominent place.

**THE "UNSEEN POWER" AGAIN!** Ferrers Locke is confronted with the most baffling mystery of the times. A dramatic battle with the great "Yellow Spider"—the most dangerous man in the world!



A further breathless exploit of the Master-Detective, and his boy assistant, JACK DRAKE—a super-thriller by a world-famous author,  
**OWEN CONQUEST.**

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**

**The Midnight Visitor!**



“MR. LOCKE!”  
The words filtered through the sleep-wrapped brain of the detective more as a fragment of the imagination than of actual sounds covered by the ears.  
Yet Ferrers Locke was awake on the instant. In the room below his bed-room at Baker Street he heard the clock slowly tell off the hour of midnight in lingering, metallic tones.

He vaguely wondered why he had awakened at this uncertain hour. For whereas Ferrers Locke required but extraordinary little sleep, he usually slept well. But he had the soldier's knack of awakening on the instant should anything untoward disturb him.

It was strange then that to-night he should wake up in so startling a fashion without apparent reason.

He turned over and closed his eyes. Then again his name was borne to his consciousness.

“Mr. Locke?”  
It was as though a breathless voice had whispered the words into his ears.

The detective shot bolt upright in bed. His right hand instinctively sought the automatic pistol beneath his pillow. The pistol he always kept in readiness for instant use. For, during the course of his successful career, Ferrers Locke had of necessity made many dangerous enemies.

He leaped lightly out of bed, and stood in the chill and darkness, his finger on the trigger of the automatic. It was not that he feared that some enemy had broken into his residence, but his whole instinct and experience combined to let him take no chances.

From the direction of the locked bed room door came a slight shuffling sound.

The detective's voice rang out clear and challenging.

“Who's there?”  
“The reply, in a hoarse voice, seemed to come through the very keyhole of the door.

“Open—open the door, Mr. Locke!”  
The speaker was not his assistant, Jack Drake; neither was it his manservant, the Chinese, Sing-Sing. The voice was that of a stranger, and it held a note of deep distress.

Ferrers Locke swiftly and noiselessly crossed the room. Reaching across the door, he turned the key. Then, after switching on the electric-light, he pulled the door open. To his amazement there staggered into the room a slim, haggard, middle-aged man, who appeared to be of the low type of ordinary seamen who haunt certain of the East End docks areas.

The fellow wore a greasy blue reefer coat, badly-repaired trousers, a dirty cap, and a black choker about his neck. He had no

boots nor shoes on, and his grey socks were in holes. A fleck of blood showed at his thin lips, and there was a smear of red also over his unshaven chin. Altogether, he looked as unpossessing a specimen of humanity as you would find anywhere.

Locke hastily laid his pistol on the nearest chair. Springing forward, he caught the man in his arms, and assisted him to a seat. Then he obtained the water carafe and placed it to the fellow's lips. The stranger drank greedily, and as he pushed the carafe away his hands clutched his throat convulsively.

It was obvious that the man was ill—seriously ill.  
The detective pressed an electric-button which operated a buzzer by the bedside of his young assistant, Drake, in another room. Barely five seconds elapsed and Jack Drake bounded into the bed-room. His surprise at seeing the midnight visitor, who was squirming in a chair, was intense.

“Drake,” said Ferrers Locke abruptly, “kindly telephone at once for a doctor.”

“Right, sir?”  
As the boy hastened to the telephone, the man in the chair struggled into an upright position. A horrible laugh left his lips.

“Send for a doctor! Send for a doctor!” he cried mockingly. “I shan't wait for no doctor!”

Ferrers Locke pulled a dressing-gown over his pyjamas.

“Come, my man,” he said; “pull yourself together. Who are you? Why are you here?”

“I'm Joe Higgins, alias Nick Strakey. I—I've something important to tell you.”

“Nick Strakey?”  
For an instant Locke's eyebrows contracted in a puzzled frown. Then his face relaxed.

“Nick Strakey!” he repeated. “Do you mean you're the—the man they wanted in connection with the Cosway-Greene Company chemie frauds five years ago?”

“The same. While the police were watching every seat in the country I was lying low in Limehouse. Some Chinks saw it that I was never found. Finally, they got me secretly shipped away to the Far East. But after four years China got a trifle too hot to hold me, and I got back into this country.”

The man coughed violently, and a fresh fleck of blood showed on his lips. He wiped it away savagely with a dirty handkerchief.

In great concern, Ferrers Locke picked up the water carafe.

“You seem in a mighty bad way, Strakey,” he said. “What's the—?”

“Hang it, let me speak!” burst in the man. “Time presses, and I've a lot to tell you, I'd have come earlier, but I was thick of you. For days every step I've taken has been watched. But I shook 'em off, and came into your place by the pantry window. It was sheer luck my lighting on your room first try.”

“Come, come!” said Locke, who suspected

the fellow was somewhat delirious. “Try to calm yourself. You are speaking in riddles. Who has been following you?”

“The Chinks—the murderers! Listen, Locke! While I was out East I got mixed up with the tong called the Hoa Hongs.”

Locke gave a slight start. He had heard of the Hoa Hongs—the greatest tong, or Chinese secret society, in the world.

“Ah, I thought you would know of 'em,” resumed Strakey. “They're the biggest gang of murderous cut-throats the world has ever seen. There are powerful branches of their society in England, the Dominions, and the United States; I am one of the half-dozen white men in the world who have been initiated into the great Hoa Hong Tong.”

Jack Drake, who had put through an urgent telephone call to a doctor, returned at that moment. Behind him was Sing-Sing, a Chinese servant, whose eyes were staring and fever-filled.

“Drake,” said Locke, “come in and close the door. Sing-Sing, return to your room, but be prepared for an instant summons.”

As Sing-Sing, with a final fearful glance at the nocturnal visitor, moved away, Drake closed the door. He had found time to slip on a dressing-gown, and, seating himself on the edge of Locke's bed, he became an interested listener.

“Now, Strakey,” said Ferrers Locke, “kindly resume.”

The man's voice sounded hoarser and more strained even than before as he went on.

“Well, Mr. Locke, I joined the tong. There were no less than sixty different outfits I had to swear, the breaking of any one of which meant torture and death. The Hoa Hongs deal in murder, plunder, blackmail, larceny, smuggling—in short, almost every crime in the calendar. The chief members of the tong are men of unlimited wealth and power.

The chief of all the Hoa Hongs resides in Peking. Who he is only known to the chief of the foreign branches of the society and two or three of the tong in China.”

Strakey panted, and greedily gulped a mouthful of water from the carafe.

“At first I was as bad as many of the Chinks,” he continued. “Forgery against banks in China was my chief game. But after a time I wanted to get clear of the society. They suspected my design. The Sam-Sings, or murderers of the tong, were put on my track. I-I daren't go to the police for protection, not that that was likely to be any good. But at first I thought they might let up on me. That was my mistake. The flemis got me all right.”

“They got you?”

Nick Strakey, erstwhile forger, wound up a spasm of coughing with an hysterical laugh.

“Yes,” he said. “The poisonous seeds of a plant which grows in Indo-China. They are so small that they cannot be detected if placed in food. Yet their points are sharper than those of needles. There ain't much chance for a fellow who's had a dose o' them, is there?”

“The Clue in the Skull!” is next week's gripping tale of Ferrers Locke!

Locke and Drake looked at the squirming figure before them in horror.

"So, you see," said Strakey faintly, "it doesn't make no odds my putting you wise to a few things. This is terrible! If the Hoang Hanga is as good as paid. But—but, by gad, I want revenge—I want revenge on the yellow fiends! Mr. Locke, if you're the man I take you for—you'll hunt out these Chink murderers and have 'em exterminated, like the yellow vermin they are!"

"Good heavens, this is terrible!" muttered Locke. "But you are sure about the seeds?"

"I know—and I know the demon who gave them to me. The other day, just after I arrived in England, I ran across a member of the tong—Kai Wung."

"Kai Wung?"

Both Locke and Drake recognised the name. They had recently been engaged on a dope smuggling case in Devonshire. A Chinese member of the tong, whose name was Kai Wung, had got away, but not before Drake had tracked him to an address in Linchouse. And it had been the intention of the detective and his assistant to make a further effort to take this elusive Chinese.

"You seem to have heard of him?" said Strakey.

"Well, as I was saying," said Strakey, "I met Kai Wung, and I thought as he was one of the chief men of the tong in England, I'd try and get on the right side of him. Perhaps he'd induce the gang to let up on me. We had a meal together in a cheap eating-house, and I reckon it was Kai Wung who on that occasion put it across me."

"Strakey caught his breath, and Locke waited tensely. No man before had dared to speak to an outsider of the activities of the most infamous tong which had ever existed in the history of the world. If Kai Wung could complete his narration, the law might at last be able to grapple with the terrible yellow peril within the community.

"But now the visitor found increasing difficulty in continuing. Between fits of coughing and violent spasms of pain, he seemed obsessed with the subject of Kai Wung, and his eyes were fixed on the floor."

"But the chief of the English branch of the tong," said Locke, "who is he?"

Strakey struggled for utterance.

"The—The Yellow Spider, they call him. I've never seen him."

Drake, who had crossed the room, helped to support the stricken man in his arms. He remembered the newspaper gossip about the Yellow Spider. The newspapers had not been more correct than even they themselves had supposed.

"And this 'Yellow Spider,'" asked Locke, eagerly, "who is he? Where does he live?"

As Strakey again broke down, they heard the sound of a car swing into Baker Street, and Sing-Sing descended the stairs, in anticipation of the doctor's arrival.

"The 'Yellow Spider,'" repeated Locke insistently. "Speak man! Who is he?"

The heads of perspiration sat on the forehead of the dying man. He opened his leaden eyes with an effort.

"His name—his name is Mr.—" A rasping sound in his throat cut off the final word.

Ferrers Locke breathed out the water-carafe and threw it to the man's lips.

Dashing the carafe out of the detective's hand, Strakey gained his feet. With his finger-nails dug into the palms of his hands, and the perspiration pouring from his ashen face, he presented a terrible spectacle.

His face worked convulsively.

"Locke!" he whispered. "Swear that you will find me—and—and—send him to the gallows—Kai Wung, the—"

"But the Yellow Spider?" burst in Locke.

"Who is he, man?"

"Ah, the Yellow Spider!" Strakey reeled, and sank into the chair again. Now his voice was hardly audible as he twisted and choked. Thinking became an agony as the hand of death closed tighter about him. But the clear-cut, imperative voice of Locke roused him to a final effort.

"The Yellow Spider—chief of the tong in England. His name—Mr.—"

Locke bent his head down to the man's blood-stained lips and caught the final word:

"Fang!"

Hardly had the name left his lips, than Strakey stiffened suddenly and lay still.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs, and the doctor burst in, followed by Sing-Sing.

Ferrers Locke rose upright and faced the medical.

"You are too late, doctor, I'm afraid; the man is dead!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Warning!

"HANG! It's too bad!"

Thus Ferrers Locke. It was the morning after the inquest on the body of Joe Higgins, alias 'Black Strakey,' who, with Locke and Jack Drake were at breakfast in their home at Baker Street. On the carpet about the detective's chair were an untidy heap of morning newspapers. In his hands he held the seventh paper he had opened.

"It's too bad," he repeated. "Here's every blessed paper with huge headlines and columns of letterpress about the murder of Strakey and the mystery of the Yellow Spider. If ever an inquest should have been held behind closed doors that on Strakey was the one. This publicity has increased our dangers and difficulties a thousandfold, Drake."

"An eager light shone in the boy's eyes. "Then you are going to find the liar of the Spider, sir?"

Locke smiled.

"I shall endeavour so," he replied. "Though I'm afraid I must consider that very much in the nature of a hobby. Were I a wealthy man, Drake, I should devote my whole time and energy to the task. But both you and I have our bread-and-butter to earn. We must not neglect other cases for the pleasure of coming to grips with this Mr. Fang."

"And the whole of Scotland Yard must be on his track now, sir?"

Locke shrugged his shoulders.

"Our friend, Inspector Pycroft, has been strangely reticent of what is afoot at the Yard," he said. "It's my opinion that Pycroft himself, despite the evidence I had to give at the inquest, doubts that there exists a Chinese of the power of Mr. Fang. They know, of course, and have known for years, that members of the Hoang Hong Tong reside in England. But they also know how extremely difficult it is to lay their hands on the veriest underling, leave alone anyone of importance in this infamous secret society."

"But, sir," said Drake, "you've rather allowed matters to slide, surely. It was a pity we couldn't have started out on the case earlier. It was the morning after Strakey's death you went to Luton."

"So I did, my boy—but I returned to London that day. Until the inquest I was living down in Linchouse."

Drake's eyes opened wide.

"My hat!" But why didn't you let me help you, sir?"

You did remarkably well in following Kai Wung after we had rounded up the smugglers down in Devon. The very greatest care and delicacy was needed for me to discover even the little I was able to during the last day or two. In the first place, fearing that Strakey had been shadowed to this house, I went to Luton in case I, too, was watched. That I was watched in London is certain. And I am equally convinced that in Luton I was free from observation."

"Did you visit the address to which I traced Kai Wung, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I visited Li Fang's laundry at number twenty-two, Hempen Causeway. In the guise of a ship's stoker and under the name of Jim Gunter I even penetrated into the back of the premises. As I expected, there was an opium den behind the shop."

"I say, sir, it's jolly queer that the proprietor of that laundry should be named Fang. It seems impossible that he should be the Mr. Fang of whom Strakey referred."

Locke finished his coffee and lighted a cigarette.

"Nothing is impossible, Drake," he said, as he watched the smoke ascending. "It seems highly improbable, though. The old fellow

gives one the impression of being half-witted—had at all the sort of person at the head of a mighty tong. But then, of course, his manner and his humble business activities may be but part of an elaborate pose. Fang, too, is a common name among the Chinese.

"And are you going down to Linchouse again, sir?"

"To-night?"

There was a pause. Then Drake asked: "Couldn't you come, sir? Isn't there anything I could do in the case?"

"There's nothing—yet. This game is just a trifle too dangerous even for my liking. There's no object to be served at present for two of us to be putting our heads into the lion's den. Perhaps I should say, firing with death in the soldier's way."

Drake shook his head.

"I'd feel a jolly sight happier if I were with you, sir. You—you might be glad of a pal if you did get into a really tight corner."

Locke rose, and, coming round the table, laid his hand affectionately on Drake's shoulder.

"Believe me, I appreciate your loyalty and courage, my boy. But it's not to be in this case. Thanks to Strakey coming to this address and all this wretched newspaper publicity it's a cert the Hoang Hanga have got me marked. To be caught by them would mean death for a certainty—and in all probability a lingering death. The Chinese, Drake, are past masters in the art of torture. It's true they are my assistant, but on no account will I expose you to such deadly risk as lies in the investigations I'm engaged on down in Chinatown. My word on this subject is final."

After this Drake knew that nothing he might say would alter his chief's resolution. But as he rose and rang the bell for Sing-Sing to clear away the breakfast, his mind was sorely troubled.

Hardly had he done so than a double knock sounded on the front door of the house. Locke glanced towards the mantelpiece.

"We're later than usual, my boy," he remarked. "The second post has arrived. I'll make a note of matters later. Sing-Sing shuffled silently into the room bearing a number of letters and a small square parcel. These he handed to the detective.

Ferrers Locke glanced over the letters, most of which were obviously circulars or of a business nature. The parcel he examined more curiously. The postmark on the stamps was Maiden Vale.

He chuckled.

"Maiden Vale!" he said lightly. "The home of our younger actresses!"

Jack Drake grinned.

"Perhaps it's a case of cuff links, sir," he said jocularly. "Some impressionable female may have been smitten by that picture of you which appeared in the 'Courier' yesterday."

Putting the letters on the table, Locke picked up a knife and cut the string of the parcel. Beneath a wrapping of torn brown paper was a small, green, ornate box. He opened the lid and stepped back with a cry of astonishment. For on to the white tablecloth dropped a small yellow spider!

Like lightning, Drake sprang to his feet and turned a glass front dish over the little creature, which crawled rapidly round and round.

"My aunt, sir!" he muttered. "This is a queer sort of jest!"

Then both he and Locke became aware of the Chinese servant. Sing-Sing was standing by the table as though hewn out of stone.

His face was the faded colour of ancient parchment. His nostrils were pinched with fear, and his slanting eyes fixed on the insect beneath the glass dish in a gaze of pure unadulterated horror.

Suddenly, he gave vent to his fear-stricken thought in two guttural-sounding words.

"Hoang Hong!"

Locke leapt forward and caught the servant by the shoulders.

"Sing-Sing," he said fiercely. "What do you know about the Hoang Hong?"

The Chinese, trembling like an aspen, tugged at the detective's sleeves.

"Missa Locke! Missa Locke!" he cried.

"You no tink me tong man?"

"I'm not saying you are a tong man," said Locke. "But it strikes me that you know rather more about the Hoang Hanga



than I suspected you did. Why were you so scared when you saw that little yellow spider?"

Sing-Sing came as near to weeping as Locke and Drake had ever seen him.

"Me no tong man," he reiterated. "But me savvy Hoa Hang and me savvy Yellow Spider. Small yellow spider alicee same warning—of death."

Locke released the Chinese and stood regarding him intently. Then he took a match-box from his pocket, and, striking a match, handed it to Sing-Sing.

"Blow that match out, Sing-Sing," he said, "and swear to say that you are not a member of any Chinese tong."

Immediately the servant blew out the match and gave the assurance. Locke was satisfied. He knew that no Chinaman, after taking the Chinese path by blowing out a light, would tell a lie. Moreover, Sing-Sing had been in his service a long time and had proved himself in many ways to be entirely trustworthy.

up the idea of making further trips down Limehouse way for the time being."

"Tut-tut, my boy!" replied the detective lightly. "The receipt of this interesting little natural history specimen is not going to deter me from carrying out my self-appointed task. I'm determined to see further behind the scenes of Mr. Li Fang's laundry. And one day I hope to add another specimen to my collection—the Yellow Spider himself."

Ferrers Locke, smartly dressed, left the house shortly after tea that evening. After his departure Drake grew increasingly restless. The darkest forebodings preyed upon the boy's mind.

He tried to read, but time and again he arose and restlessly paced the sitting-room. Suddenly there was a tap on the door, and Sing-Sing entered.

"Did you ling, Missa Drake?"

"No. I didn't ring, Sing-Sing. You must have been dreaming."

men go there, too. What for you ask, Missa Drake?"

"Oh, I just wanted to make sure there was an opium joint back of that laundry," said Drake. "Who knows, Sing-Sing, perhaps I might like to hit the pipe one of these fine evenings."

The Chinese shook his head. "Pipe no good, Missa Drake!" he said. "Sometimes me go 'long Li Fang's place smoke pipe. Plenty Chinaman go, and two or three white an'forman you no can go, Missa Drake."

"I suppose there's a secret password?"

Sing-Sing nodded. "Me go to back of laundry shop and knock—so." And Sing-Sing thumped on the wall of the sitting-room with his flat once, then three times in quick succession, and then once more.

Bit by bit Drake pumped the servant for information. Gradually Sing-Sing's eyes narrowed and fear became written large on his yellow face. For the first time this faithful servant gained an inkling from Drake's questioning that Ferrers Locke, his beloved master, had gone to Li Fang's place. "Missa Drake," he said in an awed voice, "me 'tink I plenty savvy. Heap had tong men at Li Fang's place. If Missa Locke has gone opium joint, he alicee same dead man!"

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Behind the Carved Door!



WHEN Ferrers Locke stepped from his residence in Baker Street that evening, he was far from easy in his mind. Prudence told him he was a fool for saddling himself with the dangerous mission of tracking down the powerful leaders of the most terrible tong in existence. He knew that were he to fall into the hands of the Hoa Hongs, his life would not be worth a moment's purchase. Death would assuredly be his fate, and possibly torture before death was allowed to intervene.

But having made up his mind, Ferrers Locke was not the type of man to turn back. The receipt of the warning in the shape of the little yellow spider had put him very much on his mettle.

Buttonging his smart overcoat about him, he set off briskly along Baker Street. Once or twice he glanced about him in search of shadowers; but apparently no one was following.

A bearded and beat sandwichman, advertising a local cinema, slouched along the gutter in the opposite direction. As Locke passed, the fellow thrust a blue handbill into the detective's hand. The handbill had a sticky feel about it, as though the printing ink was still fresh. After a glance at it, Locke screwed it up and tossed it into the gutter. As he turned the corner and hurried on his way, the sandwichman revealed remarkable activity. He quietly retraced his steps, picked up the handbill, and carefully placed it in his coat pocket. Then he turned again and slouched swiftly away.

Meantime, Ferrers Locke hailed a taxi, and after telling the driver to proceed to Fenchurch Street, was rapidly driven eastwards through London.

Leaving the taxi at the station, he made his way afoot to a small dingy office building in which, under another name, he held the lease of a small office. In this place Locke discarded his smart clothes and dressed himself in the shabby attire of a ship's stoker. Then, having pulled a greasy cap over his eyes and made himself thoroughly dirty with a quantity of grime from the window-sill, he set off again.

Instead of leaving the office by the door, however, he made his way out of the building by a fire-escape ladder at the rear of the premises.

Walking to Abgate, he took a bus to the riverside district of Limehouse. Then he slouched to Hemen Canseway and entered the laundry of Li Fang.

Having, in similar disguise, been to the laundry before, he knew the ropes. With a cunning nod to the ancient Li Fang behind the counter, he was about to move to the



**THE DEATH GAME!**—Bound as he was hand and foot, Ferrers Locke knew there was no escape for him. If he attempted to get out over the wooden rails there were the tong men ready to push him back into the ring again. Kai Wung raised the two-edged sword, above his head, to strike the first blow.

(See Chapter 4.)

And all the information that Sing-Sing seemed able to give was that the yellow spider was a warning. But then this he might have learned in many ways than by being a member of the tong itself. It had even appeared in some of the newspapers that people had met mysterious deaths after receiving a small yellow spider.

Locke satisfied himself that the spider was not of any Asiatic or poisonous variety. Indeed, it was speedily clear that it was an ordinary English garden spider which had been sprayed with some sort of yellow dye. Neither the box nor the wrapping gave any clue as to the sender.

When, after a deal of questioning, Sing-Sing had removed the breakfast things and had left the room, Drake spoke his mind on the subject.

"It's as clear as daylight that this tong have got you tabbed, sir," he said. "It strikes me it would be wiser if you clucked

The Chinese was about to withdraw when Drake stopped him.

"One moment, Sing-Sing," he said. "Come in and close the door."

The servant did so. "Look here, Sing-Sing," said the boy, "you've been in Mr. Locke's service a long time. He trusts you implicitly, and so do I. Now, I want to be frank with you. I'm jolly worried about the bus to-night. That beastly little yellow spider's got on my nerves. I suppose—"

The Chinese gave a shiver.

"Me too heap frightened for Missa Locke."

Drake stepped a little closer to the Chinese.

"Sing-Sing," he said, in slow, deliberate tones, "have you ever heard of Li Fang's laundry?"

The servant's almond eyes opened to reveal a pair of jet-black staring orbs.

"Me heap savvy Li Fang, the washman."

he replied. "Sometimes me alicee same smoke pipe down his place. Sometimes tong

back of the shop. But the laundry proprietor beckoned to him.

Locke loosened the choker at his neck.

"'Alto, ald 'e'other face?" he said. "Wasser matter?"

"Please, Mr. Linkee you like go in for little gamble," said the old Chinese. "Only tanner one try."

"Only a tanner a try," said Locke. "'Ere, wasser game?"

Locke took the curious little green slip the Chinik handed him and examined it. The paper was marked with about two dozen Chinese figures, Locke suddenly remembered seeing a similar thing once in the Chinatown of New York. It was a Chinese lottery ticket. He read the numbers and marked off nine of the figures. If, when the result was announced, your marked figures corresponded with those given by the Chinese syndicate responsible for the lottery, you gained a valuable cash prize.

"Ay, ay, Johnny, I savvy," grunted Locke. "I'll have a tanner's worth, an' chance it."

He marked the slip with the small brush that Li Fang handed to him, and tossed a six-cent coin into the tinner.

Li Fang took the money and made a mark in a small book.

"You wanchee pipe to-night Miesse—"

Gunter's my name—Jim Gunter. Ain't no chance of no police raids, I s'pose, Johnny."

The old Chinese extended his gnarled hands.

"No can tell. Mr. Linkee not. You quite safe here, Miesse Gunter; police no catechee you."

Ferrers Locke appeared to be relieved. With a nod to Li Fang and one of two blue-coated assistants who were working in the laundry, he walked unsteadily towards the back of the premises.

A heavy door, in which two peep-holes were opened as he approached. Then, passing a Chinese sentinel, he went down a long, dark passage. Three times heavy doors blocked his path, but each time as he approached they opened mechanically and noiselessly to allow him to pass. As the last door opened on his face of acrid blue smoke wafted into the air, and he found himself in the secret opium-den behind the innocent-looking laundry.

Slouching across to a wooden couch, he threw himself full length. A Chinese attendant approached, and Locke ordered a pipe and some pellets of opium. While the fellow was gone to fetch his requirements, Locke, through half-closed eyes, gazed about the apartment.

The room was a sordid-looking place. The only furniture were a wooden couch and a few shabby chairs. The place was lighted by a couple of large oil lanterns, suspended from the dirty ceiling.

About the room were sitting or lying a number of Chinese and one or two Englishmen of a very low seafaring type. At the side of each was a small charcoal brazier at which was lighted the opium pellets before they were deposited in the pipe for smoking.

When a pipe and the other paraphernalia had been brought to him, Locke began to smoke at long intervals he rolled a pellet of opium and inhaled of the acrid smoke.

None seeing Locke as he lay there in his dirty attire and with his eyes half-closed, would have taken him for anything but an ordinary, dull, and unambitious ship's stoker. Yet his brain was vividly alert. His eyes detected every movement in the squalid opium-den.

Through the hazy atmosphere he noticed that at the far end of the apartment was a rather solid-looking door. There were other doors, too, but this one particularly attracted the detective's attention.

The reason for his special interest was that ever and anon some fresh arrival in the apartment came through this door.

With a clumsy gesture, Locke beckoned an attendant.

"Hi, Johnny!" he said. "Can play chuck-a-luck, 'ere?"

The attendant nodded.

"Anxious to be satisfied of these curious premises at the back of the innocent-looking laundry and of their habitues, Locke followed the attendant. He had guessed that the gateway of a chuck-a-luck would be in progress somewhere.

In response to a knock given by the attendant, the carved door swung open. Then he

and Locke proceeded through a dark, narrow passage. The detective allowed the Chinik to lead.

In the gloom, Locke became aware of the form of a taller Chinese, evidently a sentinel at another door. This door opened as silently as the carved door had done. Beyond, was a small room, in which a few Chinese were gaming. It was but dimly lighted, and the dirty floor was strewn with a few strips of Japanese matting.

"You waitce one moment," said the Chinese.

The attendant went forward and spoke to another Asiatic. But Locke half turned and kept his eyes on the man by the door. Then he became aware that the fellow who had guided him to this room was beckoning him. And more by some subconscious sense than sight, he almost simultaneously knew that the doorkeeper had strooped down swiftly. Locke half spun round. But he was too late. The doorkeeper grasped the strip of Japanese matting on which the detective had been standing and gave a sharp tug. Locke shot forward full length to the floor.

Instantly, three or four of the Chinese pelted on top of him. The detective struggled and fought like a bear-cat, but to no avail. His antagonists were strong and wiry, and prepared with ropes and gags.

The trap had been sprung, and in less than a couple of minutes Ferrers Locke, gagged, and bound hand and foot, knew full well he was in the dreaded hands of the Hoa Hongs!

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### The Death Game!

A DIRTY beekcloth was tied over Locke's eyes, and his hands were lifted up. He felt himself being carried, and was aware that he had passed into another apartment of this mysterious building. Then he was set up on his feet with his Chinik grasping each of his arms. Finally, the bandage was whipped from his eyes.

An exclamation of utter bewilderment was wrung from his lips. He was startled and scared to realize the evidence of his own senses. For the scene before him was the most amazing he had ever witnessed in his career.

The large room in which he found himself was of an entirely different type from the sordid apartment he had seen hitherto. The floor was entirely covered with clean, dry sawdust. Grotesque-coloured lanterns, bearing weird Chinese characters, illuminated the place. The walls were hung with mystic tapestries. But this thing struck him as strange at first was the terrible symbol in a far corner. It was a web of black string, and in the centre of it was a fantastic, glistening yellow spider!

A number of Chinese ranged the walls, standing as motionless as statues. The face of each was set, grim, and repulsive-looking. And right opposite him was a figure in a chair.

It was upon this human figure that Locke now concentrated his attention. He was marked in a wonderful robe of bright yellow silk. A hood of the same material covered the head, two small holes being left for the eyes. Locke felt the eyes behind the hood riveted upon him.

"Good evening, Mr. Ferrers Locke!" The words were slowly and quietly spoken, but they sent a chill to the detective's spine. Looking about him with an air of half-witted savagery, Locke retorted:

"'Ere, what's the game? A fine way to treat a black who wants a bit of chuck-a-luck—alf smother 'im, and then turn 'im into a blessed waxworks show!"

"Excellent, my dear Mr. Locke!" came the quiet voice in reply. Had you not made your name as a brilliant detective, you could undoubtedly have achieved fame as a character actor."

It was the man in the yellow hood who spoke. His voice was that of a Chinese who had been educated at an English University.

Locke took a look at the man at the rear of the chair. "You lemme go back to my ship, or—"

"Please calm yourself, Mr. Locke," said the

hooded man in oily accents. "To save further protestations on your part, I'll convince you that I am perfectly aware of your identity."

That to the detective's horror, he drew a small blue handbill from beneath his robes. It was the handbill which the sandwichman had given to Locke in Baker Street!

"This bill, Mr. Locke, was printed especially for your benefit. The ink was damp when you saw it. Your thumbmark is plain. As you entered the laundry to-night you were given a lottery ticket. This ticket was also specially prepared for your benefit. The number of the ticket is the same as the detective, on the cinema handbill and the thumbmark of Jim Gunter, the ship's stoker, on the lottery ticket, are absolutely identical!"

"The hooded man drew out the lottery ticket and a powerful magnifying-glass."

"Of course, if you are not satisfied, Mr. Locke, I will permit you to examine the prints for yourself."

Locke drew himself up, his eyes flashing. He had played a desperate game, and he had lost.

"Yes, I am Ferrers Locke," he said. "Perhaps you would introduce yourself."

A gurgling laugh came from the yellow figure opposite.

"Doubtless, you guess, Mr. Locke. Some men call me Mr. Fang. Others—notably the journalists—have dubbed me the Yellow Spider. The latter name pleased me, and I have adopted the suggestion. It was foolish of you, Mr. Locke, to attempt to fight your wife against the might of the Hoa Hongs. Our spies are everywhere. You have brought much trouble upon yourself by not heeding the warning which was sent you."

"Well, and what are you going to do, you infernal fellow?"

Slowly and deliberately the voice replied:

"Kill you, Mr. Locke."

There was something diabolical in the quiet, conversational tone in which the words were spoken. And this was enhanced by the grim silence of the motionless long men lining the walls.

"There is only the question of the manner of your death, Mr. Locke," resumed the Spider. "Had we the time and the means, I should have sentenced you to a more effective method of execution. To have staked you to the soil, and allowed the live bamboo shoots to grow through your body, would have given me the greatest pleasure, Mr. Locke. Alas, that method is not practicable here."

"You shall die now."

"Calm yourself, Mr. Locke! In China we have another method with a patent steel sawtooth and a razor, Mr. Locke. You would sit in the raving madhouse for two hours, watching the death of a thousand cats, and many other delightfully ingenious ways invented by our national torture experts. Unfortunately, these methods are just a little too slow for our present convenience. However, we shall do our best to provide something bright for you, Mr. Locke—we shall do our best!"

"Pah! Do your best or your worst, you yellow-livered braggart!" Locke hurled back.

"Arm yourself with a knife, cut the bottom of my hands, and I'll fight you with my bare fists!"

The hooded man shook his head.

"The killing of you, Mr. Locke, is reserved for another. Kai Wung, step forward, I command!"

From a dark corner of the strange apartment, a muscular Chinese stepped forth. Locke immediately recognised him as the man who had been a member of the syndicate.

"Mr. Locke," said the Spider, "allow me to introduce you to your executioner."

The hooded man clapped his hands. At once the long men sprang into activity. Staked by one of the walls, was a number of heavy waxes not unlike the kind which are used to make an indoor playground for very young children. These were placed end to end and riveted together to form a wooden corral in the centre of the apartment.

Ferrers Locke was raised by his two Chinese guards and thrown heavily into this ring. With a horrible chill at his heart, he saw Kai Wung arm himself with a long, double-edged executioner's blade, which he held in the manner which the Spider's chair.

Helpless on the sawdust floor, the detective hurriedly invented a lie to the murderer

(Continued on page 28.)

Ferrers Locke, the most popular detective, again next week!

